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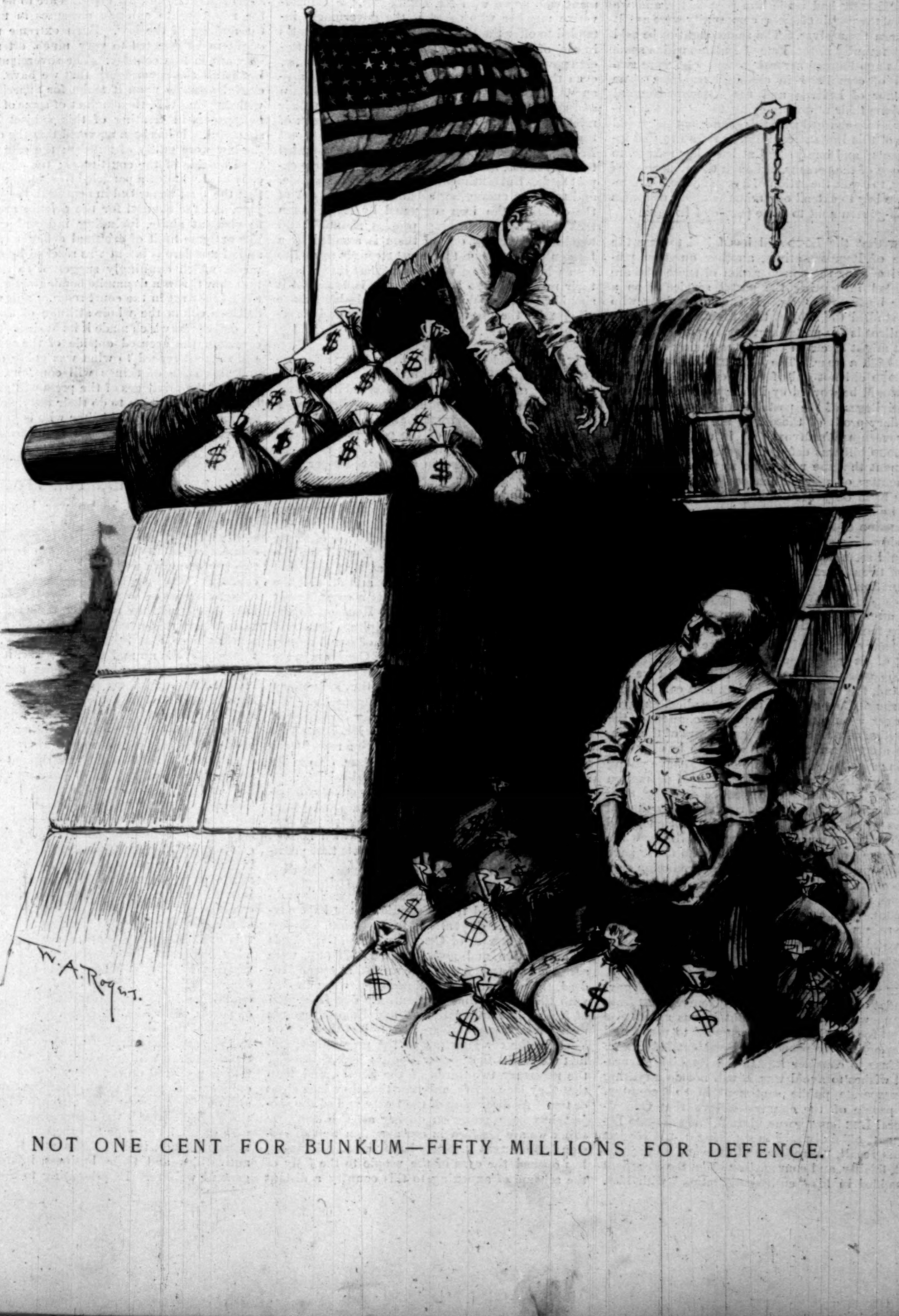

NOT ONE CENT FOR BUNKUM—FIFTY MILLIONS FOR DEFENCE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)
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WE spoke last week of a community in South Carolina which has killed a negro because Mr. McKINLEY had made him postmaster, and we said that the people of such a community were not fit to govern themselves. The same ought to be said of a community in the State of Indiana which some months ago hanged several persons who were suspected of complicity in certain burglaries. The Governor of Indiana and the Attorney-General have done their utmost to bring to justice the persons who are charged with this crime; but the grand juries of this Indiana community refuse to find indictments; and one justice, at least, has refused to hold one of the persons, although the evidence was strong, to await the action of a grand jury. Therefore we beg to extend our remarks about unfitness for self-government to these people of Indiana.

Now that the LOUD bill has failed to pass the House of Representatives, another question presents itself for the consideration of those who are interested in putting the postal service upon a proper business footing. It is said by those who have studied the subject that the amount paid to the railroads for postal service is exorbitant, and that it might be cut in two to the saving of nearly $15,000,000 a year. The WEEKLY has supported the LOUD bill not only for the economic reforms that would be worked by its adoption, but because the privileges of the postal laws are used for the pecuniary profit of those who are not entitled to the government's favors. It is understood that the LOUD bill was defeated largely because of the argument that the real waste in the service is in this matter of railroad charges, which, we understand, have only been changed twice since 1873, once by a reduction of ten per cent., and again by a reduction of five per cent. In view of the enormous lowering of freight rates and passenger rates, it would seem that the maintenance of nearly the rate of twenty years ago for postal service needed explanation.

IN another part of this issue of the WEEKLY will be found a very admirable argument in favor of the navy *personnel* bill, which we believe, on account of his connection with the board which drew it up, is called the ROOSEVELT bill. It is, we understand, the most radical reform that can be passed through Congress, but it is not radical enough. However, what the navy needs is a chance for the promotion of able and younger officers of the line. If we are to have a navy it ought to be effective, and in order to be effective we ought to have young rear-admirals. The present method of promotion by seniority is helpful to weakness rather than to strength. Many officers reach high command grades at an age too advanced for efficiency and for the assumption of great responsibilities, while others are promoted to command who never have been fit for it, and who receive the promotion simply because they have lived to reach, in the course of time, the opportunity afforded by a death or retirement. We commend the article to which we have referred to the careful perusal of all who are interested in the navy; which, we take it, includes all intelligent Americans.

THE reason for the suggestion by the Spanish government of the recall of Consul-General LEE from Havana was not divulged, but it was an unwise request for the Spanish government to make, and it was eminently proper for President McKINLEY to refuse to consider it. If the Spanish government wishes to avoid war, it will not do anything to exasperate public sentiment in this country. The people of the country believe that Consul-General LEE has "borne himself," as the State Department officially said in speaking of the request for his recall, "throughout this crisis with judgment, fidelity, and courage," and that the President is justified in his "entire satisfaction" with him. Whether there shall be war or not between the two countries depends upon the condition of public feeling here and in Spain, and so far as this country is concerned, the recall of the Consul-General at Havana at the demand or request of Spain would have excited our people, already hot enough, to a point beyond control. The SAGASTA government has thus far been a potent influence for peace, and we trust that it will continue to be so, and that political Spain will continue to give it its confidence. For the same reason that it was wise for Spain not to insist on the recall of General LEE, it was wise for this government to consent to Spain's request that the supplies for the starving in Cuba be not carried in war-ships.

THERE is no reason to believe that Great Britain has offered us an alliance in case of war with Spain, simply because it is not the habit of nations to proceed in that manner. Moreover, if there is to be a war with Spain, we can play our part in it without assistance. Nevertheless, it is gratifying to know that there are members of Parliament who agree with Mr. DUNCOMBE, the Conservative member who asked if the government intended to offer the British fleet to the United States in case of a war between this country and any foreign power. We are glad to feel the touch of kinship, even though we must decline the entangling alliance. Moreover, the true interests of Great Britain and the United States are essentially one in their relations with the rest of the world. To speak of trade alone, our exports of merchandise to Great Britain and her dependencies last year amounted to $603,000,000, nearly 60 per cent. of our whole export trade. But sentiment is even dearer than trade, and while an entangling alliance would be out of the question, the idea suggested by Englishmen that the English-speaking peoples should stand together when any one of them is assailed by a foreign power is one that must strongly appeal to men who are imbued with the noblest instincts of their race, and who believe that it is best that it should continue to dominate the world—best, above all else, for the promotion of its steady and peaceful progress.

IT is believed that there will be, after all, a report from the House Committee on Banking and Currency, and that a currency-reform bill of some kind will be presented to the House of Representatives. We sincerely trust that this is so, because the sound-money men of the country need both organization and a rallying-point. As ex-President CLEVELAND pointed out in a letter the other day, the free-coinage men are arrogantly confident, and the reason for this confidence is that they are organized and at work, as they have been for several years, and as they were for many years before the strenuous campaign of 1896. The friends of sound money ought to have learned a lesson from the preparedness of the silver men at that time, but they do not seem to have done so, and all that the sound-money men can hope for is a commitment of the Republican majority of the House of Representatives to sound-money principles. This will doubtless lead to the nomination of sound-money men for Republican candidates for Congress in the coming campaign, and an active and vigorous campaign, with all the resources of the Republican party against free coinage and its supporters. We sincerely trust that the Republican leaders will thus commit themselves, and that Mr. REED will have the credit of bringing about both a report from the committee and action by the House. To quote again from Mr. CLEVELAND's admirable letter: "I am so earnest in my desire to see our country blessed with safe money and a suitable financial system that I am of the opinion we ought to give patriotic and consistent support to any plan which insures this result, and which has the elements that promise its successful advocacy."

THE treaty for the annexation of Hawaii is probably defeated, and if this should be the happy result, it would be due entirely to discussion. Before the present session of Congress began, the friends of annexation, and notably Mr. McKINLEY, were sure that the treaty would be ratified at once. Indeed, the opponents of annexation were treated with the disdain that is essentially due from men of feeling like annexationists and Jingoes towards men who reason and go slow. But there was a hitch in the carrying out of the programme, and first we heard that annexationists lacked three of the necessary two-thirds of the Senate, and then that they lacked five, and now that they lack eight or ten. As discussion of the treaty and of the project has been going on during all this time, we think we are justified in our assertion that discussion has brought it to this happy pass. Discussion has opened the eyes of the people to the folly of the scheme of annexing to this country a distant group of islands, inhabited by a people mainly alien, and for whose government, if they should be annexed, we have no adequate machinery. If the question comes up in the form of a new joint resolution providing for annexation by law instead of by treaty, there is reason to believe that the further and open discussion that will accompany the attempt to pass such a resolution will still further clarify the minds of all of our Congressmen, so that they will see that the American people are sensible and shrewd, and in the end would disapprove of Representatives who voted to thrust such a burden as Hawaii upon their republic. A law to take into its jurisdiction a foreign people, most of whom are unwilling to come, certainly seems foreign to the purpose and nature of a republic.

SHERIFF MARTIN and his deputies have been acquitted of the charges of manslaughter on which they have been on trial for some time. We believe, on the evidence that has been presented to the jury and that is known to the public, that the verdict of not guilty was just, and that Sheriff MARTIN and his deputies are to be honored for resorting to extreme measures in upholding the majesty of the law. Such extreme measures ought to be resorted to very much oftener than they are in this country. The sovereignty of the law is all the sovereignty that we have, and successful assaults upon it make for anarchy. Notwithstanding this, the conduct of some of the daily newspapers in treating of this subject has been shameful. It has been assumed that the officers of the law were guilty of murder; the case has been tried outside of the court-room; the accused were convicted without a particle of evidence; and now that the trial has ended in acquittal, the judge, the jury, and the counsel for the defence are exposed to virulent abuse, including indecent caricature. The extreme limit of criminal defiance of the law and of murderous intent was reached by one newspaper, which cunningly suggested to the miners that they throw a dynamite bomb among the deputies as they sat in the court-room. This one bit of defiance colors the whole attitude of that part of the daily press which made it its business to try and condemn the accused outside of the court-house, and without regard to what was going on inside; and this state of things will continue, and this abuse of the privileges of the press will grow, until the courts determine to do their duty, and to punish for contempt every editor who is guilty of infringing upon the province and jurisdiction of judges and juries.

PREPARATION FOR PEACE.

THERE ought to be no war between Spain and the United States, and unless it can be shown that Spain is criminally responsible for the destruction of the *Maine*, we are sure that the two governments will do their utmost to avoid a conflict. Whether that demonstration be possible or not remains to be seen. Most people who have kept their heads, and permitted their reason to prevail, believe that it will be impossible, and sincere patriots hope that Spain is not guilty. But although there is no real cause for war, it is a blind and ignorant statesman who does not recognize one of the best-known facts of history, and who does not know that most wars have been causeless, and that unreasoning rage and prejudice often drive nations to fighting for nothing, apparently, but the relief of their passions. Therefore we must commend the action of the government in making ready. We accept with a certain feeling of relief the hearty, speedy, and unanimous response of Congress to the request of the President for money, and for additional forces of men and ships. Indeed, every American must rejoice that on the coming of the crisis all parties have united in voting to the Executive the money and the power that may be needed for the national defence, and in trusting the expenditure of the money and the exercise of the power to the discretion and wisdom of the President and his advisers. We rejoice in this exhibition of patriotism, for it proves again, what has been proved more than once, that a democracy is effective whenever it believes itself in danger. Besides, this show of determination, of confidence in the government, of unanimity, and of power, will make for peace. We have heard a good deal said of late concerning the virtue of being prepared for war, but it has come chiefly from those who are willing to talk war, whether the nation is prepared or not. But in the face of difficulties which seem to be thickening, the best preparation for a strong and resourceful nation like the United States is the demonstration of the purpose of all its citizens to subordinate, for the national defence, their politics and their ordinary antipathies and their business interests to the general welfare. In presenting to Spain an unbroken front, and in showing to her and to Europe that, if war shall unhappily come, the United States will be ready to bear its part and to exert all its power, a great precaution against war has been taken, and, once more, the country has to be thankful for the wise moderation of the President and of Speaker REED, and for their readiness to act the moment it became evident that the time had arrived to give assurance to the Spanish people that if they make war on the United States they will be obliged to reckon with millions of patriots and millions of money.

There is, as we have said, no reason for war; and if war comes, it is unlikely that it will be formally declared by either government. Each government is doing its best to preserve the peace. So far as the Spanish government is concerned, it has more than once betrayed a deep solicitude to avoid war. SAGASTA and the Queen-Regent know that war is almost impossible for Spain. The bankers of Paris and London, who own her bonds, may advance more money to her to save investments that they have already made, but that does not change the fact that she is bankrupt, and that her drafts upon her men and boys for service in Cuba have wellnigh exhausted her military resources. But the Spanish government is not the Spanish Jingoes any more than our own Jingoes are the McKINLEY administration. The government will do its best to prevent war, and it has already, on more than one occasion, gone as far as prudence will permit to avoid a conflict. But the time may come when the yielding of a point to the United States will not be possible without bringing on a revolution, and the refusal to yield, or the revolution that may follow surrender, may lead to some overt act on the part of Spain which will make war inevitable.

If war is to come, it is to be hoped that it will come in this way, and not through any act committed by this country. If we are to fight Spain, if we are to be plunged into the horrors of war, with its killings, with its carrion on the field, and its Jingo vultures nesting in the sutlers' tents, may we go into the war like gentlemen and Christians, and not like blathering bullies. We have expressed our opinion of our own Jingoes and their conduct with all the plainness of speech at our command. We know the few who are not mediæval philosophers to be knaves or fools. They have done their best to bring about war, but they have not succeeded in disturbing the admirable equipoise of the President, and there is no reason why they should succeed.

But it is different in Spain. The Spanish people are nearly all Jingoes—at least nearly all who are heard at the present time are Jingoes—and they are ignorant and malicious. They believe in their very hearts what the South professed to believe of the North—before the temper of the North had been tried on Southern battle-fields. They believe that victory will attend the Spanish arms from the moment that war is entered upon, that the Spanish navy is stronger than our own, that Spain has the sympathy of the rest of Europe, and that she will at least have material aid from France. The Spanish newspapers are as violent and as mendacious as our own yellow journals, and much more dangerous, because they appeal to an ignorant people who believe what their screamers tell them, and apparently there is no antidote. There are politicians, too, in Spain who are perfectly willing to plunge their country into deeper trouble if by doing so they can wreck the present monarchy; perhaps they would be content to do so if they might thereby wreck the present ministry. There are officers of the army and navy also, chief among them WEYLER himself, who hold that it is better to give up Cuba at the end of a war, even an unsuccessful war, with a power like the United States, than to surrender to the insurgents. The SAGASTA government is doing its utmost to hold in check Spain's violent, vicious, and degraded populace, for the voice of the moderate and reasonable Spaniard has not been heard very distinctly in the present trouble.

So far as there is any danger of war, it comes from the frenzy of mad Jingoes on both sides of the ocean, acting and reacting upon the peculiar conditions existing in Spain. If war come, except in the unlikely case of the finding of a criminal design in the destruction of the *Maine*, it is likely to follow a hasty and unfortunate blow delivered by a comparatively unimportant person, for whose act, however, Spain will be responsible, or else delivered by the Spanish government to avoid a revolution, or, finally, by the revolutionists themselves, and popular frenzy bears directly upon these possibilities. It is for this reason that it is well that the administration and Congress have united to assure the world, including the Spanish people, that this country will defend itself, and in its defence will make aggressive war with all its vigor and with all the great power and resources at its command. The United States government has done its best to preserve the peace by reasonable conduct, just observation of its international duties, and wise self-restraint. Now, in the face of the possibilities aroused by Jingo cries here, and worse and more vicious Jingoism abroad, it takes one step more for the cause of peace by making ready for war.

NATIONAL HONOR.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

THE honor of a person, in the general sense of the term, is his moral dignity. To offend or wound a person's honor means to deny or impeach his moral dignity so as to lower it in the estimation of others, and perhaps also in his own self-respect. To forfeit one's honor means to do something, or to permit something to be done, which is incompatible with one's moral dignity. This applies to nations as well as to individuals. What true honor consists in, what constitutes an offence to one's honor, and how the offended honor can or should be vindicated or restored, are questions which in different places and at different times have received different answers, according to the different conventional conceptions of honor or the different states of civilization there and then prevailing.

Whatever divergences of opinion on these points may still exist in this country, no American capable of sober reflection can seriously hold the belief that considerations of national honor would require, or even that its moral dignity would permit, this great republic to swagger about among the nations of the world with a chip on its shoulder, shaking its fist under everybody's nose, and telling the world on every possible occasion that we can "whip" any power that might choose to resent this, and that we would be rather glad of an opportunity for doing so. A private individual taking such an attitude would certainly not be called a gentleman. He would be considered a vulgar bully. If a person of great physical strength, he would be feared by some, esteemed by nobody, and heartily detested as a public nuisance by the whole decent part of the community. A nation playing such a rôle would deserve and meet with the same judgment in the family of civilized nations, and at the same time it would cultivate within itself those forces of evil which are always developed by a perversion of the sense of honor, and the consequent loss of true moral dignity and of genuine self-respect.

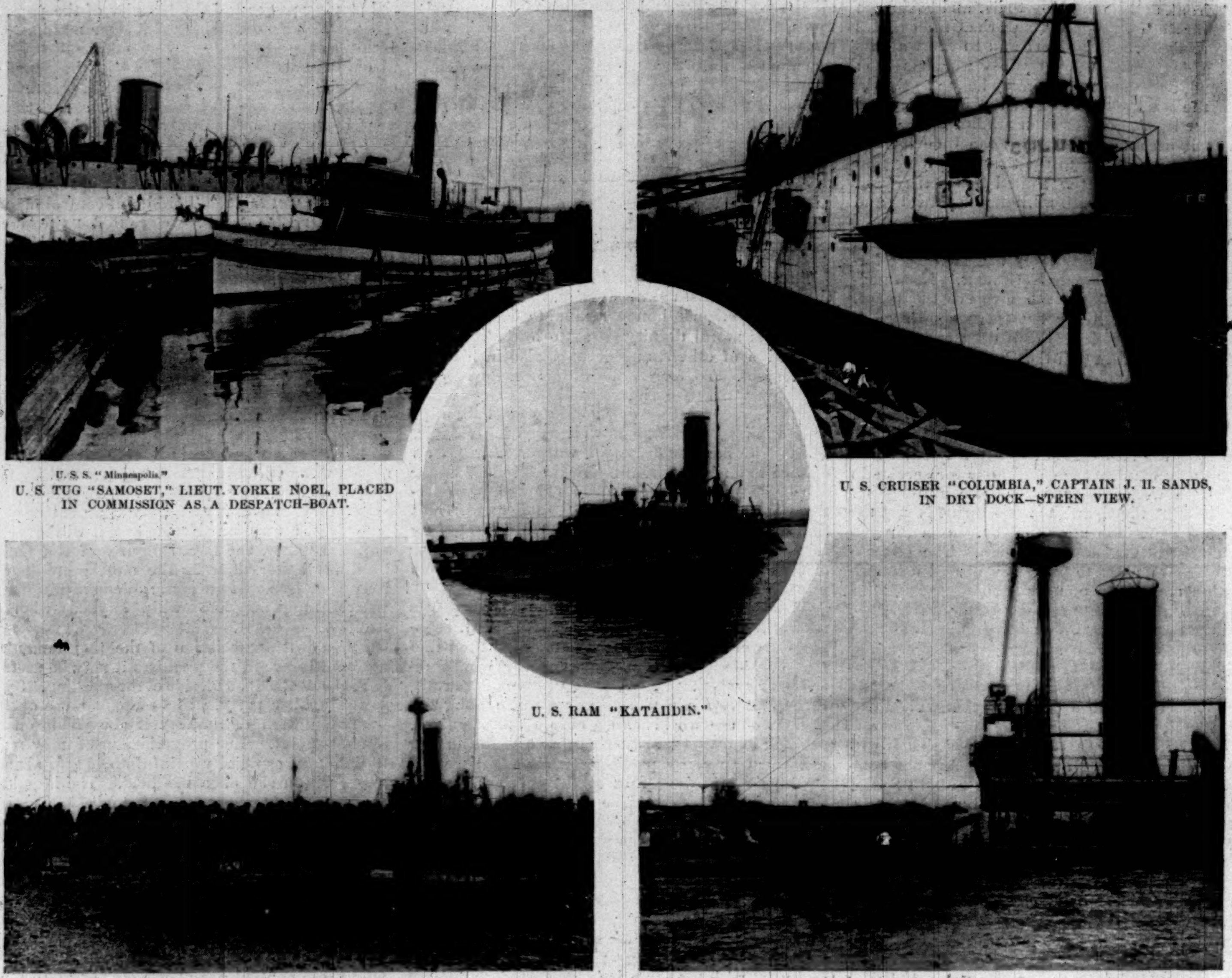
Neither would any American having the honor of his country sincerely at heart find it compatible with the true moral dignity of this great republic that the American people should always be nervously on the lookout for something to offend or affront it, and eager to construe as a grievous injury or a deadly insult anything in the slightest degree capable of an unpleasant interpretation, in order to avenge it. He would remember the common experience of private life that the honor of the "hero" of many so-called "affairs of honor," the ever-ready duellist, is apt to be not the genuine article, and that few things are more derogatory to the character of a gentleman than a propensity to pick unnecessary quarrels—that is, quarrels which might honorably be avoided. There is one duty which strong men and strong nations that are imbued with a true sense of honor, will never forget. It is that the strong should scrupulously abstain from abusing their strength when dealing with the weak. Strong men and strong nations conscious of their moral dignity will be slow to take offence. They will, of course, not permit themselves to be injured, or insulted, or trifled with, or balked by anybody at will, or to any length; but they will be especially solicitous to exhaust all peaceable means for the enforcement of their just demands, or for the amicable composition of differences, before their superiority of brute strength is brought into play. They can afford and they should use the greater forbearance, as it cannot be charged either to weakness or timidity.

A true sense of national honor will move the American people to keep this well in mind at the present moment. It is not intended to inquire here what our grievance against Spain may be. Let us assume it to be very grave. What will then be the situation? This republic is very strong. Spain is, in comparison, very weak. We have a population of nearly 75,000,000. Spain has 18,000,000. We are immensely rich in ready means and still undeveloped resources. Spain is poor, with a heavy debt and impaired credit. Although Spain might annoy us much with her fleet at the beginning of hostilities, in case of war, there is no doubt of our ability to defeat her thoroughly in a contest the final result of which depends upon material staying power and the tenacity of the popular spirit. Nobody questions this. Our manifest superiority is so great that there would be little glory in our triumph. Neither are we in the situation of a people whose reputation as to courage, bravery, or patriotism is still to be established. All this is so well known and so universally acknowledged that no forbearance on our part can never by any possibility be misinterpreted as a lack of power or of pluck—or that, in fact, it can appear as anything else than the considerate self-control of conscious strength. "But," we are told, "the 'dons' are insolent. Unless we give them a sound beating, they will say that the Americans are afraid of them!" Well, what of it if they were foolish enough to say or even to think so? Would anybody else believe it? Would it in any manner diminish the power of this republic or lower its moral dignity, its national honor, in the estimation of other nations or in its own? No; if this republic, conscious of its superior strength, seeks to obtain what it considers just and proper, with that generous forbearance which is the finest privilege of the strong when dealing with the weak, and avoids war with sedulous solicitude, until all honest efforts to preserve peace have been exhausted in vain, and thinks of it then only as an extreme exigency and a most unwelcome one, it will serve the national honor, the moral dignity of the nation, infinitely better than by the most grandiloquent bluster or by any unnecessary demonstration that we are strong enough to "whip" anybody whenever we like.

For a just appreciation of the requirements of national honor in the premises it may be useful to look also at the Spanish side of the question. Spain, as the weaker party, will be much more open to the imputation of timidity if she yields on any dubious point. Her proverbial pride may render it therefore especially painful to her to abandon any position she once has held. The impulse to vindicate what she conceives to be her national honor by fighting at any cost to the last extremity for what she had once claimed as her right, or against what she had once denounced as a wrong or an indignity, may therefore be especially potent with her, even though she might herself feel that she could not justly maintain her contentions. But if she were conscious of that, would her national honor demand that she should at least try to uphold those contentions at the cost of more bloody and destructive war? Whatever may be thought of the character of Spanish rule, nobody will say that the Spanish nation needs further proof of its courage or national spirit. Of those qualities at least the tremendous sacrifice of blood and treasure with which Spain has struggled to keep her grasp upon Cuba has given new and ample demonstration. In that respect, therefore, her national honor would not be jeoparded by submission to any fair demands, if such were made upon her on our part.

Neither would her national honor, in any sense, suffer by the abandonment of Cuba as soon as she has to admit that her rule over the inhabitants of that island can no longer be maintained. There has been a rumor that the proud Spaniard, when the loss of Cuba becomes certain, will then, for national honor's sake, provoke a war with the United States, so as to preserve at least the appearance of succumbing only to the superior strength of one of the great powers of the world. No misconception of national honor could be more grotesque than the fancy that the moral dignity of a nation can better be saved by punishing one's self with an absolutely useless demonstration of willingness to shed more blood and to squander more wealth and to create more misery, than by a wise and decorous acceptance of the inevitable. It is a monstrous notion, which can have sprung only from some very much overheated brain; but it fairly illustrates the strange confusion of ideas in which national honor figures as something that stands above the dictates of common-sense, as well as of common morality.

We have had much of this wild sort of talk in this country, and we may have more. But there is good reason for hoping that it will not run away with the self-respect of the American people. We may well be proud of the self-contained dignity with which so far President McKINLEY and his ministers have conducted our foreign affairs amid the excitements of the day; proud of the wellnigh unanimous applause which the calm attitude of those in power has elicited from the citizenship of the country; and proud of the fact that a bill to put the republic in a state of defence could pass both Houses of Congress without hot appeals to warlike passions. This gives us a taste of that sense of national honor which draws its inspiration not from hysterical spasms, but from sober wisdom; not from the brutal wantonness of superior strength, but from the noble resolve to be all the more just and generous, because strong.



U. S. S. "Minneapolis."

U. S. TUG "SAMOSET," LIEUT. YORKE NOEL, PLACED IN COMMISSION AS A DESPATCH-BOAT.

U. S. CRUISER "COLUMBIA," CAPTAIN J. H. SANDS, IN DRY DOCK—STERN VIEW.

U. S. RAM "KATAHDIN."

AN ORDINARY MID-WEEK AFTERNOON CROWD WATCHING THE MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH."

U. S. MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH," CAPTAIN MORTIMER L. JOHNSON.

NAVAL ACTIVITY—FITTING OUT VESSELS FOR THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET AT THE NAVY-YARD, LEAGUE ISLAND, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

THE DRAMA.

THE Criterion Independent Theatre deserves the gratitude of all lovers of the drama in New York for having had the energy, the wise judgment, and the courage to produce, for the first time in this country, Echegaray's powerful work, "El Gran Galeoto." It seems a pity that the Berkeley Lyceum, instead of one of the regular theatres, should have been chosen for the week's performances; it is probable, however, that none of the regular theatres could have been secured. Certainly "El Gran Galeoto," even in the admirably condensed, coherent, and altogether effective English version made by Miss Maude Banks, would not, for several reasons, have been looked upon with favor by the average theatrical manager. In the first place, it appeals strongly to the intelligence—that is, it makes people think. Now to make people think is exactly what the average manager wishes to avoid, for he knows that most people go to the theatre merely to be amused, to be relaxed after the day's cares. Then, too, "El Gran Galeoto" ends unhappily—a disastrous feature, according to the theatrical manager. Most shocking of all, the drama is "literary." So it is plain that if the Criterion Independent Theatre did not exist, we could not have hoped to see the great Spanish play on any metropolitan stage. With this fact in mind, it seems rather amusing that the recent performances should have shown "El Gran Galeoto" to be one of the most interesting, vivid, and dramatic plays seen in this country during the past ten years.

For craftsmanship "El Gran Galeoto" might be taken as a model. Throughout the drama there is not a superfluous incident, nor an unnecessary word. On the rise of the curtain the case is presented in a few swift scenes, and swiftly, logically, and inevitably the climax is developed. Here are three honest people living happily together in Madrid—a young wife, a husband considerably older, and a young poet, the son of the husband's old friend. Into their home come two prying relatives, who make their "duty" an excuse for repeating the inevitable slander. The husband repudiates it angrily, and holds out his arms to his wife. The young man insists upon leaving the house. In spite of himself, the husband becomes watchful, suspicious, at last almost crazy with jealousy; but he still tries to convince himself that he believes nothing. When he hears that the youth is about to fight a duel in vindication of his wife's name, he loses all restraint. Such a meeting, he argues, would make his wife love her champion even if she had not loved him before. So he forces his way into the presence of the traducer, insults him, and crosses swords with him at once. He is mortally wounded, and carried into the very apartment were his wife has gone to dissuade the youth from defending her. His suspicion then becomes a conviction, and the drama closes with his death, and with the dishonor of the two young people, who have no recourse but to verify the slander by going away together.

The drama was very strongly presented by a company that included Mr. Eben Plympton as the husband, Miss Maude Banks as the wife, and Mr. John Blair as the young poet. Mr. Plympton acted with fine impetuosity, giving the character exactly the right emphasis. He ought to be seen more often in New York. It was a satisfaction to observe that he has modified his old habit of over-nice enunciation, which used to make some of his performances very irritating. Miss Banks has never done anything in New York to compare with her acting in this Spanish piece; it was natural, effective, and nearly always finished, her only fault being a tendency to become shrill when she meant to be passionate. Mr. Blair made a very strong impression on the audience; his work in his earlier scenes lacked ease and variety, but as the drama developed in intensity he rose to considerable power. On the whole, it was an inspiring presentation of an uncommonly fine play.

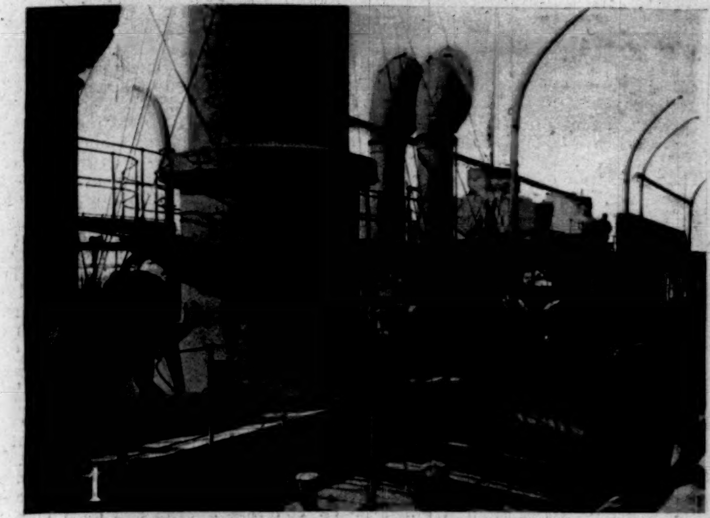
Mr. David Bispham's adaptation of a romantic one-act play from the German, with Beethoven as the central figure, was given for the first time in a regular play-house, at the Lyceum Theatre, one afternoon last week. It is very imperfectly constructed, the speeches are clumsy, and the work has a very slight artistic value; nevertheless, it possesses charm, of a dangerously sentimental kind, to be sure, and the representation of the great composer is very interesting. Even if the piece had been less satisfactory than it proved to be, it would have given pleasure to the audience on account of the vigorous acting of Mr. David Bispham—one of those rare opera-singers who are able really to interpret a rôle. Mr. Bispham's make-up was a marvellous imitation of the well-known picture of the master, and his big, sonorous voice lent to his speeches the effect of music. The actor was very successful in depicting Beethoven's profound absorption and melancholy, as well as those outbursts of joy and tenderness at the unexpected appearance of his beloved *Adelaide*. Miss Julie Opp gave a very beautiful impersonation of the title part. In the touching scene of her parting with *Beethoven*, at the close of the drama, she succeeded in expressing a great deal of genuine feeling. Since her first appearance here this winter Miss Opp has considerably gained in authority of bearing and in finish. Mannerisms threatened to be her bane, but these she has already shown a disposition to correct.

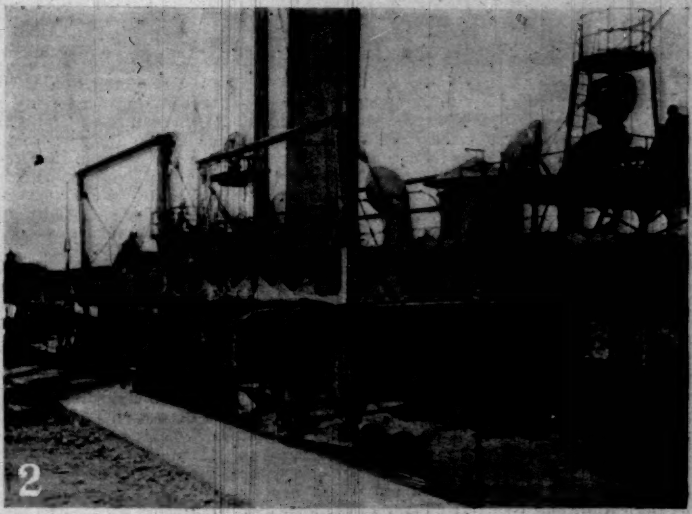
A few weeks ago, when a little play called "Dangerfield '95," by Mildred Dowling, was presented at a benefit in New York, it was received with such favor that Mr. Charles Frohman put it on at Hoyt's Theatre in connection with that dreary farce, "Oh, Susannah!" Its success may be attributed less to its very dubious merits than to the delightful acting of Miss Annie Russell. The representation that it gives of a dissipated young Harvard man, though grossly exaggerated, is perhaps less absurd than the characterization of the suburban Boston girl, who pretends to swear and to become tipsy in order to shock *Dangerfield '95* into reformation. However, audiences like these travesties of human nature, which, to be fair, are in this instance partly atoned for by brightness of dialogue. The piece has done good service in giving Miss Annie Russell a chance of reappearing on the New York stage, where she ought to be regularly employed. Miss Russell is one of the few really fine artists that we have, and she has never displayed her skill more ingeniously than in this foolish curtain-raiser. It is disheartening to think of the material our actors are obliged to exploit. It seems astonishing that any of them should be able to keep close to nature. Mr. Frank Mills, who played with Miss Russell, has never shown a disposition even to approximate nature; he believes he can do better. So he co-operated with the creator of *Dangerfield '95* in making the character ridiculously theatrical.

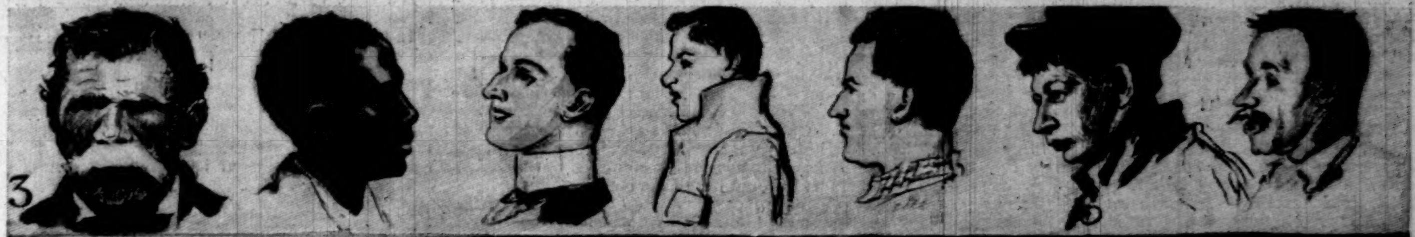
Actors like Mr. Mills ought to go and see Miss Beatrice Herford, who is now giving some recitals in New York. Miss Herford recites monologues which she has herself written, each being a distinct reproduction of character. She appears on the stage without accessories of any kind, and she relies for her effects wholly on variations of speech and manner. Without the least exaggeration, without the least suggestion of artifice or of a striving for points, she gives absolutely vivid and lifelike, as well as most amusing characterizations. At the Waldorf-Astoria the other day she delivered several of these monologues, in which she impersonated a woman book-agent, several New England types, and the travelling English woman. It was a very unique and remarkable performance, and it illustrated, among other things, how much an impersonator gains by going straight to life for inspiration, instead of perpetuating, as so many of our actors do, the absurd conventions of generations of bad performers.

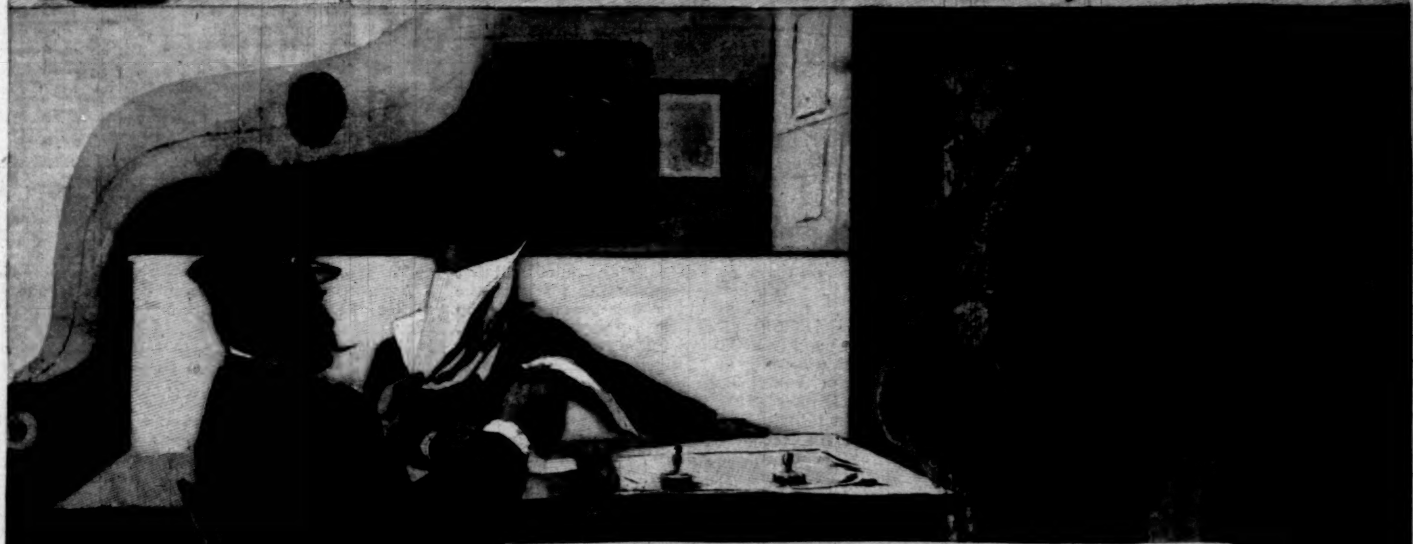
Miss Elizabeth Robbins, an American actress, born in Kentucky, who has lived for eight years in England, and has been prominently identified with productions in London of plays by Ibsen, is to give next week, at a matinée in the Fifth Avenue Theatre, the first performance in this country of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." If this venture receives sufficient encouragement, Miss Robbins will present a series of Ibsen plays. In London, besides appearing in Ibsen rôles, Miss Robbins's most ambitious work was done in Mr. Tree's production of "Diplomacy," in which she played the part of the *Countess Zicka*.

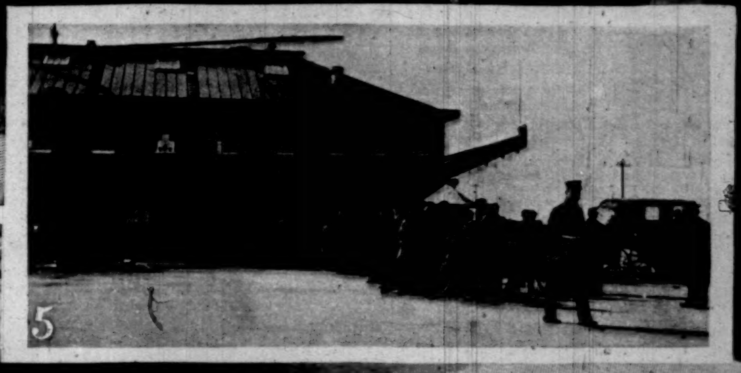
JOHN D. BARRY.

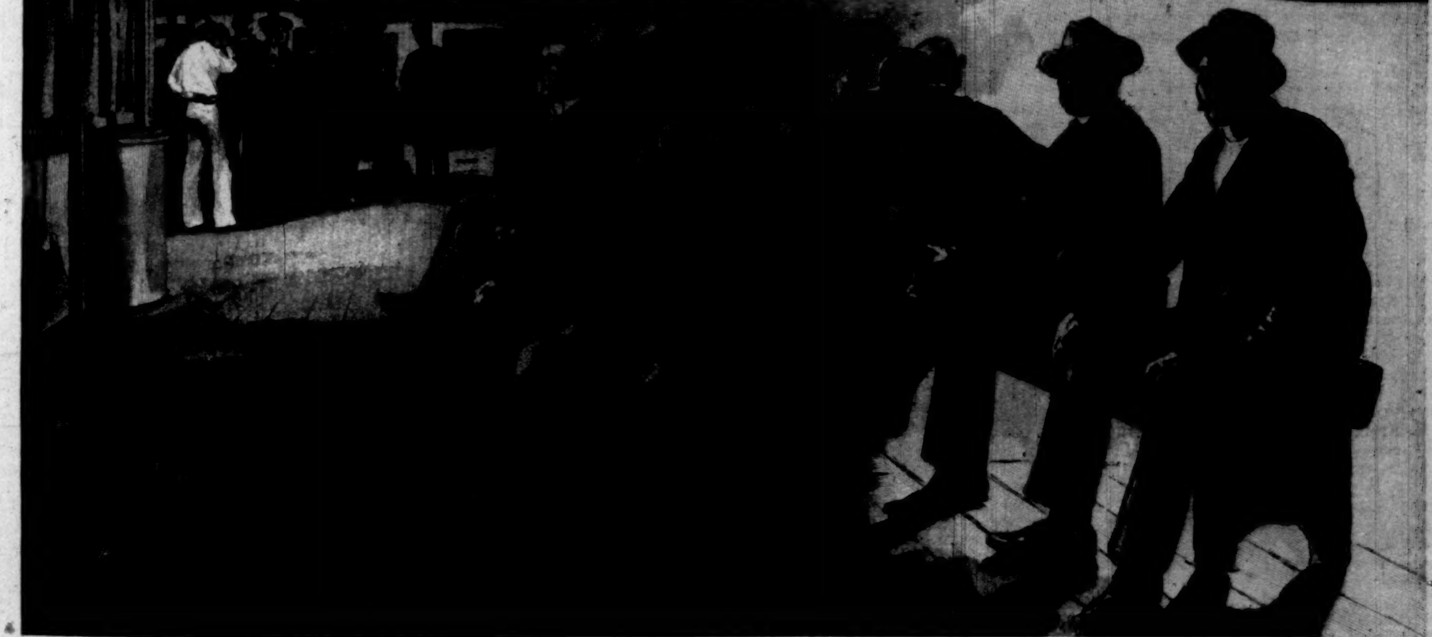












NAVAL ACTIVITY—FITTING OUT VESSELS AND ENLISTING CREWS FOR THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET.—[See Page 270.]

1. Rushing Work on the U. S. Ram "Katahdin," Commander G. F. F. Wilde, League Island. 2. Calking Decks and preparing Mounts for Rapid-Fire Guns on U. S. Monitor "Miantonomoh," League Island. 3. Types of Applicants for Enlistment, New York Navy-Yard, Brooklyn. 4. Boxing the Compass—a would-be Recruit before the Enlisting Officer, on Board U. S. Receiving-Ship "Vermont," Navy-Yard, Brooklyn. 5. Applicants for Enlistment waiting their Turn, U. S. Receiving-Ship "Richmond," Navy-Yard, League Island. 6. Gun-Deck, U. S. Receiving-Ship "Richmond"—Applicants for Enlistment waiting to go before the Examining Board.

HAVANA.

March 9, 1898.

On March 3 three sets of divers were engaged in working on the *Maine*—the Spaniards, the American naval divers, and the divers of the wrecking company.

The Spaniards are performing their work in a desultory way. It is impossible to believe that their examination, as they are pursuing it, can be an effective and proper one. Little interest is felt in their doings, and less in the coming verdict of the committee to whom they will report the result of their work.

Our naval divers are working with a view to a further report to the court of inquiry when it returns to this port.

An occasional body is recovered. But now the bodies are so decomposed as to be unrecognizable. The work of identification and burial has been attended to by the chaplain of the *Maine*. There are at present 164 men buried in Colon Cemetery. The coffin of each man is numbered, and where the dead man has not been identified the chaplain has a description of the body under that number. After five years it will be possible to remove any of the bodies to American soil. As soon as the chaplain can see the descriptions of the enlisted men on file in Washington he believes he will be able to identify many of the men now unknown. It has been ordered that all bodies recovered in future from the wreck be sent to Key West. The *Bache* left Havana March 6, bearing five of the latest recovered bodies to American soil. There remain at this date, March 9, about eighty-five bodies in the wreck.

The wrecking company now have two boats alongside the *Maine*. The *I. J. Merritt*, with a lighter in tow, arrived here on March 2. The company's men are systematically pursuing the work of salvage.

The wrecking-tug *Right Arm* has returned to the United States. She was found to be too light for the work in question. This leaves the *Merritt* and the lighter *Sharp* at present moored to the wreck of the *Maine*.

An ensign of the *New York* came over to Havana to take charge of the American divers working on the *Maine*. In the beginning his duties were such as are befitting an ensign. Then it was discovered that the divers were inclined to talk too freely of important discoveries below-water, and the ensign's duty gradually changed into that of guardian to the tongue of the most communicative diver. This diver in question is an active man, and covers much ground in a day, but he has never been seen, day or night, without the ensign close at his side.

It is a curious fact that some of the men who were asleep on the *Maine* when the explosion occurred, and who were saved, have absolutely no knowledge of what happened. They returned to consciousness on board the *City of Washington* or in hospitals, surprised at not being in their own bunks. So it is a tenable supposition that many of the men who were asleep at the time of the explosion, and who were killed, were utterly unconscious of their death.

Certain members of the Red Cross Society visited the city of Matanzas on March 2. It is to be hoped that this visit will result in some of the American relief being sent to that city, where the suffering is great. There are between eleven and twelve thousand starving people in Matanzas, out of a total population, at the present day, of less than forty thousand; and so far not one pound of the American relief, contributed by the people of our country and consigned to General Lee in Havana, has reached Matanzas. The distribution of this American food has been placed in the hands of the president of the Red Cross Society by General Lee. Now that the members of this society have had ample time to perfect their arrangements of distribution, and that they are not hampered at this day by lack of sufficient food, the work of distribution should advance rapidly, and the heart-rending appeals from Matanzas and Sagua la Grande should receive prompt answers. It is said that they would have their first instalment of food into Matanzas by March 6, and into Sagua la Grande soon after. It would have been far better if this relief had been shipped directly to the seaports, instead of sending it first to Havana, as has been done. Then there would not have been several hundred tons of food idle in the warehouses of this city, while in Matanzas alone the destitution and absolute want were beyond words. If the report from New York, saying that the consignments of food and medicine are to be made directly to Matanzas and Sagua la Grande, be true, it is a good thing, and a sign that we may hope for efficient distribution of this relief in the future.

On March 4 certain Americans paid the first honors to the dead of the *Maine*. A statement was issued as follows:

> HAVANA, CUBA, *February 28*, 1898.
>
> AMERICAN CITIZENS AT HAVANA.—The first wreath of flowers placed on the graves of the 260 dead heroes of the battle-ship *Maine*.
>
> May the American citizens continue this each year, and keep sacred their memory.
>
> We all some day will have passed away, but may our country and the memory of these heroes "Live on Forever."

On that afternoon about sixty Americans, including Consul-General Lee, Captain Sigsbee, and Chaplain Chidwick of the *Maine*, drove out to the cemetery Cristóbal Colon. After a short opening address the chaplain made a prayer, and the wreaths were placed reverently on the upturned soil of the mounds.

This occurrence has its interest as being the first public testimony of honor tendered these men in this city. This appeal to the American citizens of Havana will surely be heard by our country at large, and in the future, on the proper date of each year, some befitting ceremony will be observed to keep green the memory of these men.

The court of inquiry returned to Havana from Key West on Saturday, March 5. Work by the court was immediately begun, and the day was devoted to the examination of Ensign Powelson. Ensign Powelson has taken the daily reports of the divers who have been working on the wreck during the court's absence, and his testimony was a résumé of what the divers had accomplished during this time.

When the court left here before for Key West, it was known that the 10-inch magazine had not exploded. The other forward magazine, the 6-inch, did not contain sufficient explosive material to wreck the *Maine* as she was wrecked; on these facts alone, it has been assumed that the court had sufficient evidence of exterior explosion. Therefore there has been much speculation as to why the court returned here. The court will make its examination a most thorough one, and nothing will be neglected by it that may have a bearing on its verdict.

On Saturday morning, March 5, the *Almirante Oquendo* arrived in this port from Spain. The *Almirante Oquendo* is a sister ship to the *Vizcaya*. She was welcomed as was the *Vizcaya* on last Tuesday. The people were enthusiastic, and lined the wharves and house-tops. Now the two sister ships are side by side in the bay.

The political situation here is a complex one. It is closely allied with the politics of Spain, and the solution of many of the questions must be looked for from Madrid.

The Conservative party, the intransigentes, as they are called, are the Spanish residents of Cuba, loyal to the peninsula. They favored Weyler and his methods, and regret his recall. Blanco arrived with the banner of autonomy, but this policy has not met with encouraging success. As evidence of its failure, two recent occurrences are cited.

Between midnight of Thursday, March 3, and midnight of March 4 there were some fourteen political arrests in Havana. The men taken prisoners were Cubans, insurgent sympathizers, some of whom had been expelled from the island by Weyler, and who had returned under the alleged modified rule of Blanco. It is reported on good authority that these men had been urged to use their influence with the insurgents in persuading them to accept autonomy, and that their failures in that direction were, in a measure, accountable for their arrest. Not since the days of Weyler have there been such wholesale arrests of political prisoners in Havana, and this occurrence indicates a return to the days and methods of the late Captain-General. Only these men in question are not to be shot. Their houses were searched, and they themselves taken to Cabañas. Some are to be deported to the Isle of Pines, others will be sent out of the country.

Another significant occurrence of the last week has been the assurance from the palace, which was confirmed from Madrid, that the Havana volunteers were not to be disbanded. The volunteers number, in Havana alone, some eighteen or twenty thousand men, and there are eighty thousand of them throughout the island. They are similiar to our militia, being drawn from the townspeople; but in the volunteers, each man owns his arms, which he keeps in his home. The Havana volunteers form a local guard for the city. They have never been sent into the field against the insurgents, notwithstanding the fact that their presence as a guard to the city has not always been imperative. They are pampered, and they are feared. The government is uneasy as to what course they might take in an emergency, for they are intransigentes, loyal to Weyler, and opposed to autonomy. So when it was said that they were to be disbanded, and that this act was a plank in the autonomistic platform, the colonels of the volunteers met in conclave, and decided to ask for a denial of the rumor. This they promptly received, from Havana and from Madrid. The volunteers promise to be a most disturbing and dangerous element in future events in the city of Havana.

The liberal offer of Spain in the matter of autonomy has been refused by the Cuban leaders of the rebellion. While the Spanish government may be sincere in its offer of autonomy, it is not believed that this applies to the Spanish people.

Bribery has been unsuccessful. In the first place, it is next to impossible to get the proposition of bribery through the lines to the men whom they want to reach. If some Cubans have taken the field with the express purpose of being bought up, that the Spaniards might proclaim the fact from the house-tops, it has no bearing on the statement that the insurgents are not being bought.

It was discovered last week that a box containing jewelry and other dutiable articles has been sent into Havana among the provisions and stores intended for the relief of the reconcentrados, which have come into Cuba free of duty. General Lee and the Red Cross people are entirely ignorant of the matter. It was evidently the intention of the shipper to collect, in some manner, the jewelry in question from the Red Cross Society. Under the circumstances, the trick is contemptible. It can only result in annoyance to those who are attempting to relieve the starving; the custom-house authorities are naturally suspicious of similar attempts, and are now making examinations of certain consignments, with the view of preventing further evasion of their regulations.

Much quinine has been sent from the United States. It has been sent to the reconcentrados in the country. On Friday, March 4, an order was received from the palace forbidding the further shipping of any of this medicine. It was stated, as grounds for the order, that the quinine was getting into the hands of the insurgents. This is a statement worthy of belief; the reconcentrados in the smaller towns could convey the medicine to their rebel friends, or it is possible for the insurgents to raid a town and possess themselves of the drug, now particularly valuable as the rainy season approaches. General Lee has been appealed to in the premises, but it is not a matter on which he feels justified in taking action.

Condensed milk in large quantities has been sent from the United States for the starving masses in Cuba. There is no question but that it is needed in the hospitals and in the country. But it has been distributed in such quantities to the poor in Havana that they sell it, and with the few coppers obtained for a can, buy tobacco or other things more to their taste. The price of condensed milk in the stores has dropped from twenty-two cents to ten and eight cents a can because of these sales. This should not for a moment be taken as an indication that the milk is not needed, but only as an evidence that its distribution is not carefully superintended. This matter has been brought to the notice of our Consul-General.

On Sunday the court did not meet officially. In the morning some of Saturday's testimony was reviewed.

On Monday, the 7th, the examination of Ensign Powelson was continued, supplemented by personal examination of two of the divers.

The *Montgomery* arrived at Havana to-day. She will replace the *Fern* in this port. The *Montgomery* will serve as quarters for Captain Sigsbee and other officers of the *Maine* now in Havana. The *Fern* will carry provisions to Matanzas and to Sagua la Grande for the reconcentrados.

A new hospital for children has been opened in Cerro, an immediate suburb of Havana. This hospital is under the direction of the American Red Cross, and its management has been placed in competent and experienced hands. The building is large and well adapted to its purposes, and the situation an excellent one. The wards are scrupulously clean, and besides the Red Cross nurses in attendance, three young Cuban women have volunteered their services. There were thirty-seven inmates of the hospital on the first day, and there are accommodations for over one hundred. A free clinic and dispensary is run in connection with this hospital.

There are reports in Havana that the American papers of last Sunday and Monday contain most sensational stories concerning the safety of American citizens in this city. These reports are entirely unwarranted. The condition and safety of Americans in Havana were referred to in my previous letter, and the facts as then stated remain unchanged. The arrests of the political prisoners on last Friday probably started these rumors.

While it is true that there was some talk of certain newspaper correspondents being sent from the island, no one heeded the stories, which were unfounded, so far as is known at this writing. Reports of this were sent from here to Key West, and then the trouble was done. Key West, that turbid caldron of unfermented lies and exaggerations, seething over with the desire to startle the country and justify countless salaries and hotel bills, magnified the facts as above stated, and sent you reports to its heart's content.

In the harbor of Havana a rather curious arrangement of war-vessels is noticeable. Around the wreck of the *Maine*, outside of the wrecking-tug *Merritt* and the lighters, are grouped the American boats the *Fern*, the *Mangrove*, and the *Montgomery*. The *Bache* is of the number when she is in port. Around this assemblage are the Spanish war-vessels. The *Vizcaya* and the *Oquendo* are moored between our boats and the entrance to the port, the *Alfonso XII.* and a Spanish gunboat are close to us on the opposite side. The *Pelayo* is expected soon to join the number.

On board the Spanish boats visitors are admitted daily. Yet this does not interfere in any way with strict discipline and the daily exercising of turrets and machinery. The war-vessels are patrolled all day by their boats and launches, and at night a careful watch is kept at the harbor's mouth, and even some distance outside.

Senator Proctor returned on March 8 from an extended tour to Cienfuegos and Sagua la Grande. He leaves Havana to-day for Key West. HAROLD MARTIN.

WASHINGTON.

March 14, 1898.

ALTHOUGH there have been no new developments in the matter of the *Maine* disaster or in the Cuban situation, the week has been characterized by extraordinary activity in the War and Navy departments, Congress having, by unanimous vote in both Houses, appropriated $50,000,000 for the national defence, to be expended in the discretion of the President, to remain available till January 1, 1899. "Hurry orders" were issued in every direction for work on ships and guns. Recruiting stations were opened in the East for the 1600 men needed for the two new artillery regiments recently authorized, and in the South and West for 2000 seamen for the navy. The naval attachés at all United States legations in Europe were called up by cable for information as to the available ships and munitions of naval warfare which could be purchased of foreign governments and manufacturers; at the same time Commander W. H. Brownson was sent abroad with instructions to inspect everything of this sort offered for sale to us, and report condition, prices, etc., to the Department. The Secretary of the Navy has prepared a list of all the merchant and passenger vessels which could be bought or impressed into the naval service if needed, and finds that these number not less than two hundred. The Secretary of the Treasury announces that not only the $50,000,000 appropriated, but $25,000,000 additional could be spared from the free gold now in the Treasury without inconvenience. The President has been receiving from time to time notes of the evidence brought out by the board of inquiry on the *Maine* disaster, and is expecting the report of the board in a few days. The indications now favor a report that the explosion was caused by some external agency, but without fixing the direct responsibility. Meanwhile the cruiser *Montgomery* has taken the place of the *Maine* at Havana, and been received with every courtesy. The new Spanish minister, Don Luis Polo y Bernabé, has arrived in Washington and presented his credentials to the President, and the late Chargé d'Affaires, Señor du Bosc, has disavowed, in behalf of his government, any desire for the recall of Consul-General Lee. The Consul-General has notified the Department of State that Americans visiting Cuba henceforward would better provide themselves with passports accurately describing themselves, and that these passports are liable to detention twenty-four hours for inspection before their bearers are permitted to leave the island.

None of the "war talk" put forth by imaginative newspaper correspondents in Washington has been encouraged by the administration. The President is still hopeful of avoiding a resort to arms, and to that end is gathering opinions from public men, whether the better course would be to treat the intervention question and the questions raised by the *Maine* disaster separately, or as one. If treated separately, any demand for indemnity which we may make will be disposed of as promptly as possible; and then the reports of our consuls in Cuba, showing that intervention offers the only alternative for charitable relief indefinitely continued, will come up for discussion. If, on the other hand, the questions are to be merged, the President has been urged to represent to Spain that our interference in her affairs is unselfish and solely in the interest of humanity; and that, in order to strip it of any misleading appearance, we are willing to waive all considerations of indemnity, and find our satisfaction in the sense of having brought a bloody and devastating war to an end. The President has both plans under advisement, his one thought being to adopt that which will the more surely make for international peace and good-will. In spite of the supposed popular clamor for war, ninety-eight per cent. of the mail which pours into the White House from all over the country contains admonitions to keep the peace. FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

·THIS·BUSY· ·WORLD·

IT has seemed to some of the gentlemen who are interested in the proposed memorial to the late Marshall Newell, a Harvard athlete, that in a recent allusion to their project in the WEEKLY too much stress was laid on Mr. Newell's distinction as a football-player, and not enough on his personal character and its influence on his contemporaries. They wish it understood that the memorial will stand in memory of a good man, rather than merely in memory of a successful football-player. It may be well to repeat what was said in the paragraph to which exception is taken—that so far as the proposed memorial is inspired simply by affection and respect it is outside of criticism, and considerations as to whether it is due or not are not relevant. Memorials of all sorts which attest the affection of surviving friends for good men whose work is done are common, happily, in all colleges. Such memorials are almost always welcome, and the propriety of them is rarely questioned.

The hearing in Boston, on March 2 and 4, on the bill to make it a misdemeanor to practise any branch of the healing art for hire in Massachusetts without a certificate from the State Board of Registration in Medicine was very lively, and excited an exceptional degree of public interest. The bill seems to have been generally favored by the medical profession, and was opposed by spiritualists, Christian scientists, magnetic healers, druggists, and persons who, though they personally preferred to rely on the ministrations of the educated doctors, were content to let their neighbors seek cures wherever they thought they might find them. The hearing was before the Legislature's Committee on Public Health. The most notable speeches against the measure were made on March 2 by William Lloyd Garrison and Professor William James. Mr. Garrison's plea was simply for liberty. He reminded the committee of the long and bitter fight against homœopathy, and of how that method of cure had finally won recognition and equal rights. "I come," he said, "as a citizen jealous of all infringements of the law of equal freedom."

Professor James, "as a citizen who cares for sound laws and for the advance of medical knowledge," protested against the bill. He spoke of the imperfect and experimental state of all medical knowledge. He intimated that the regular physicians knew their own methods and no others. He doubted if a single doctor who denounced mind-cure methods had taken the trouble to follow up a mind-curer's cases and acquaint himself with the results. Then he said:

> "I am a doctor of medicine, and count some of the advocates of this proposed law among my dearest friends, and well do I know how I shall stand in their eyes hereafter for standing to-day in my present position. But I cannot look on passively, and I must urge my point. That point is this: that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is not a medical body, has no right to a medical opinion, and should not dare to take sides in a medical controversy. In the particular business of mental healing there can be no doubt that if the proposed law were really enforced it would stamp out and arrest the acquisition of that whole branch of medical experience. The mind-curers and their public return the scorn of the regular profession with an equal scorn, and will never come up for the examinations. Their movement is a religious or quasi-religious movement; personality is one condition of success there, and impressions and intuitions seem to accomplish more than chemical, anatomical, or physiological information. These are the facts, gentlemen. You as legislators are not bound either to affirm or deny them yourselves, or in any way to judge them from a medical point of view, but simply, after ascertaining that thousands of intelligent citizens believe in them, decide whether to legislate or not. Do you feel called on, do you dare, to thrust the coarse machinery of criminal law into these vital mysteries, into these personal relations of doctor and patient, into these infinitely subtle operations of nature, and enact that a whole department of medical investigation (for such it is), together with the special conditions of freedom under which it flourishes, must cease to be? I venture to say that you dare not, gentlemen. You dare not convert the laws of this commonwealth into obstacles to the acquisition of truth. You are not to ask yourselves whether these mind-curers do really achieve the successes that are claimed. It is enough for you as legislators to ascertain that a large number of our citizens, persons as intelligent and well educated as yourselves or I, persons whose number seems daily to increase, are convinced that they do achieve them. Here is a purely medical question, in which our general court, not being a well-spring and source of medical virtue, must remain strictly neutral under penalty of making the confusion worse."

Professor James has thus been quoted at some length because it does not seem probable that the argument against legislative interference with mental healers will be more weightily put than he has put it. The subject is one of considerable current importance, and one in which Professor James—a physician by education and a psychologist by profession—ought to be peculiarly qualified to speak. He has looked into the various methods of mental healing, and thinks he has found in them germs of truth too valuable to be stamped out. Yet he is disinterested. He said in his speech that if one single type of practitioner had to be singled out for license he would vote without hesitation for the Harvard Medical School type, but he found no necessity for such exclusive selection.

There were many other addresses, and at the second hearing some instances were given of Christian-science cures.

On March 7 the committee reported against the bill.

Columbia University has received a gift of New York real estate valued at $1,100,000 for an endowment for its library. The giver is Mr. Joseph F. Loubat, of New York and Paris, who establishes the fund as "The Galliard-Loubat Library Endowment Fund," in memory of his mother and father. The income of this fund will not be immediately available, as it is a condition of the gift that the property shall pay Mr. Loubat an annuity of $60,000 a year during his lifetime; but it assures what will eventually be an ample endowment for a great library.

The Columbia library, housed in the beautiful building given by President Low, already numbers about 250,000 volumes, and promises to be the second best library in New York. Its building, if all of it were used for library purposes, would shelter more than a million books, and has room for a thousand readers; so that for at least one great department of Columbia it may be considered that ample provision has been made.

Mr. Loubat was born in New York in 1831, and was educated chiefly in France. He is a citizen of the world, and spends a large part of his time abroad. He has made other notable gifts, especially to the Catholic Church. Several years ago the Pope conferred on him the title of Duc de Loubat, which is perhaps useful to him in Europe, though he does not wear it at home. He is a member of very many clubs, societies, and associations, learned and social, in America and in Europe.

According to the annual report of the Board of Regents of New York State, Columbia, with 289 teachers, 1921 students, and a property of nearly $18,000,000, is just now the leading university in the State. Cornell is next, and very near, followed by New York and Syracuse universities. In seven years the amount of property owned by colleges and professional and technical schools in this State has increased from $39,045,604 to $77,148,944—that is, it has very nearly doubled. What a prodigious increase! If we don't come, in the lapse of ages, to know as much as the Massachusetts people, it won't be because the rich people of this State are niggardly in their disbursements for secondary education.

Primary education and public instruction generally in Greater New York was promoted on March 7 by the election of Dr. Andrew Sloan Draper as Central Superintendent of Schools for New York city. Dr. Draper is president of the University of Illinois, and it is confidently asserted that he will stay where he is, and will decline the new appointment. In that case the office seems likely to go to Dr. Maxwell of Brooklyn, another admirable and highly competent educator. From 1886 to 1897 Dr. Draper was Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State, and filled the office with conspicuous ability. It seems to be the sentiment of the Board of Education that he belongs to this State, and should be brought back here if it is in any way possible.

Strange experiences fall to the lot of the adjective "colored." We are used to speaking of negroes as colored people. That usage commends itself to polite people as euphemistical, but the derivatives of it as passing queer. "For a Colored Reformatory," is the head-line of a recent paragraph in a Boston paper, from which it appeared that the Negro Reformatory Association at Richmond, Virginia, wants funds (for what, by-the-way, seems a good purpose). What is a negro reformatory in Richmond becomes, apparently, a colored reformatory when it reaches Boston.

In the hearing of the present paragrapher some one recently accused Joel Chandler Harris of writing "colored dialect," and that happened not in Boston at all, but in New York. No doubt there is a "colored press," the friends and owners of which would resent the supposition of uninformed persons that perhaps it was "yellow." The truth is that the immense increase in the scope and descriptive force of "yellow" has made "colored" rather too ambiguous a word for miscellaneous use.

The six causes of poverty, as defined in a recent lecture by Professor Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University, are refusal to work, lack of employment, struggle to rise, unequal distribution of accident, wrong public policy, and sentimental charity. Any reader whose income is inadequate is invited to consider this list and determine which cause fits his own case.

Complaint has been made that in a recent paragraph in this department of the WEEKLY, which dwelt upon the influence of the do-everything Hoe press on modern journalism, no mention was made of the analogous influences of the linotype machine and of the cheapening of paper. Of course all these innovations tend to the same result and share a divided responsibility. The facilities and processes for getting news and publishing it have been enormously improved and cheapened, but the art of speaking the truth is just as difficult as it ever was, and it is no easier than it used to be to form sound opinions and put them into fit words. There is a lack of moral earnestness and personal responsibility about contemporary newspaper-makers which almost warrants regret for the good old conscientious times when William C. Bryant, of the *Evening Post*, met William L. Stone, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, on the street at eight o'clock in the morning, and beat him about the head with a cowhide whip. That was a fervent and strenuous editorial difference, and it was interesting, as was that other encounter in Wall Street between James Gordon Bennett and James Watson Webb. Nowadays, such are the improvements in journalism, editorial differences have lost all their snap and are dreary affairs. There is no more cowhide, no more personal collisions. It is all done by machinery—by the familiar process which includes the stenographer, the type-writer, the linotype machine, and the multiplex Hoe press—and the only discernible result is that great expanses of cheap paper are covered with cheap reading.

A Boston architect, Mr. Longfellow, has won a prize of $1000 for the best design for an elevated-railroad station. It will be interesting to observe what progress Boston can make towards making an elevated railroad a thing of beauty. No doubt if the New York elevated were to be built over again its appearance would be ameliorated, for we certainly do things of that sort better now than thirty years ago. About our elevated railroad as it is there are unnecessary disfigurements, some of which are so queer and so conspicuous as to have a certain comic value. Consider, for example, the terminus of the Sixth Avenue road at Fifty-ninth Street. The elevated tracks project about thirty feet beyond the house-line of Fifty-ninth Street, and are crowned at their extremity by a tool-shed of the simplest design, constructed at a total cost of perhaps $42. That shed occupies, year after year, the most conspicuous site on that street. One may overlook the Navarro flats or the new athletic club building, but the simple and enduring tool-shed of the Sixth Avenue elevated, defying oversight, stands out like a monument to Russell Sage.

Chile has three war-ships in course of construction in England, and the Chilian representative in London is quoted as saying that he has had recent offers for them from six different powers. The briskness of this demand suggests that there might be economy and profit in keeping war-ships for hire. The demand for a large number of war-ships by a modern nation is analogous to the demand for a large number of carriages by a modern family. Occasionally a family has a funeral, or a wedding, and has temporary use for a lot of carriages, just as occasionally a nation has a war scare and wants all the floating iron in sight. But of course, if the average family attempted to maintain all the time carriages enough for its use at funerals, it would suffer great inconvenience from the expense of such a precaution. The cost of maintaining a huge stableful of war-ships is correspondingly inconvenient for nations. As livery-stables meet the extraordinary demand for communities for carriages, so should be met the extraordinary demands of the world for war-ships. All families don't have funerals on the same day, so all nations do not, as a rule, have fights on hand at the same time. As it is possible for a family to engage a lot of carriages for a certain date, so it should be possible for a nation to engage by cable as many war-ships as it thinks it will need for a given trouble. Of course there are inconveniences and objections to this plan, but there are huge inconveniences and terrible objections to the present plan. If a syndicate of capitalists should go into the business of keeping war-ships for hire, it seems likely that there would be a great profit in it. Of course the stock would lie idle a good deal of the time, but when the demand did arise there would be a fine chance for extortion. The property, on the whole, would be pretty safe property. The percentage of loss in war-ships for the last thirty years has been low. A few were damaged in the Chinese war, two or three have been accidentally sunk, but the foe that modern war-ships have most reason to fear is old age.

Mr. Gulich's picture, on another page of this week's WEEKLY, of the "White Ball" at Nice tells its own story. People don't go to Nice in search of mortifications of the flesh, and as the place in late winter and early spring abounds in idle folks who need to be amused, it is not surprising that the opportunities of Lent should be only moderately appreciated, and that mid-Lent's offer of a frolic should be somewhat rapturously embraced. The best-known mid-Lent frivolity is the Battle of the Flowers at the Casino, which is followed on the evening of the same day by the *Grande Redoute Blanche*, or White Ball. It is given in the Opera-house, which adjoins the Casino, and forms, with the winter-garden, an enormous building. An admission-fee of twenty francs is charged, and no one is let in who is not in a white costume. At midnight silk banners are awarded as prizes for the best costumes. Then the more sedate people go home and the less sedate continue to enjoy themselves.

Sometimes a red ball is given (*redoute rouge*), but that is said to be less pretty, because there are too many conflicting shades of color that pass as red.

A discussion of considerable warmth prevails about the methods of teaching English at present in use at Yale University. At a recent Yale alumni dinner at Worcester, Mr. Daniel H. Chamberlain, formerly Governor of South Carolina, discussed the matter with freedom and lucidity. He said that there was only one good teacher of English at Yale, and that that one was more or less in disgrace, and was watched jealously for fear he would make the study of English popular. The teacher whom Mr. Chamberlain is understood to have had in mind is Mr. William L. Phelps, a Yale graduate of the class of 1887, who was connected for several years after graduation with the English department at Harvard. Mr. Phelps, for a time, gave a course at Yale in modern fiction, which was so alarmingly popular that the faculty thought it best that it should be discontinued. Mr. Henry A. Beers, professor of literature at Yale, took vigorous exception to Mr. Chamberlain's criticisms, and replied to them with denials, general and particular, and with some discharge of rhetorical missiles. None of the English professors agrees with Mr. Chamberlain, and even Professor Phelps, whom he commended as the sole efficient instructor in the English department, is unable to approve his findings.

The truth seems to be that the study of English at Yale is in a transition state, and while it has been affected to some extent by the methods which have recently been developed at Harvard, it has not fully adopted the Harvard system, nor shown a present purpose to do so. The study of English at Yale has been largely a study of English literature. The branch of the study of English at Harvard which has had the greatest recent development, and excited the most general interest, has been the study of English composition. Yale seems as yet not inclined to go the lengths that Harvard has gone in teaching lads to write. "We do not believe," says Professor Phelps, "in devoting more time to composition than to literature, because we think that ideas are more important than the expression of them." It might be answered that expression bears a relation to ideas analogous to the relation of digestion to food, and that it is highly important to have both.

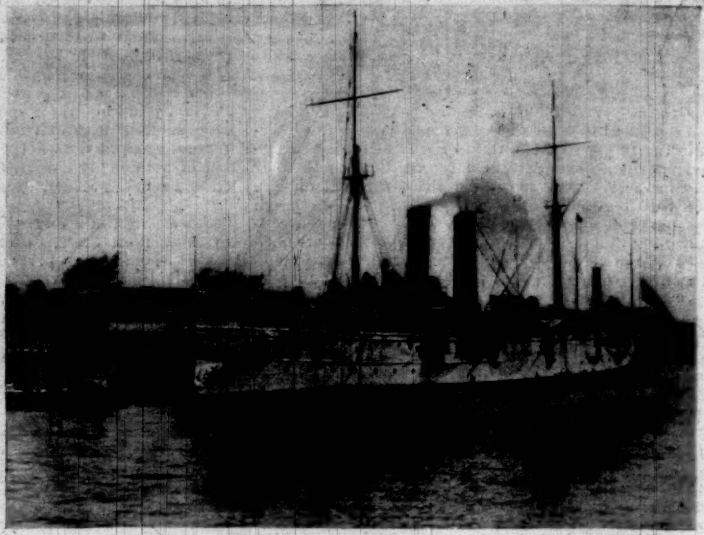
Designs have been completed for three new professorships in English at Yale. Funds for one of them—the Emily Sanford chair—are in hand, and funds for the other two will be forth-coming when the Lampson bequests are available. As yet none of these chairs has been filled.

The British enterprise known as the Egypt Exploration Fund has developed a New York branch, with twenty-five solvent and eminent American gentlemen in its Council, and three in its Committee. The committee-men are Mr. C. D. Warner, Mr. H. M. Wilcox, and the Rev. A. A. Brockway, secretary (2 Bible House). This branch has been started on the strength of a resolution of the London society to share its work and privileges with independent organizations in America, to receive American money for explorations, and allot to the societies sending it a share in antiquities unearthed proportionate to the amount contributed. American subscribers also get the publications of the British society.

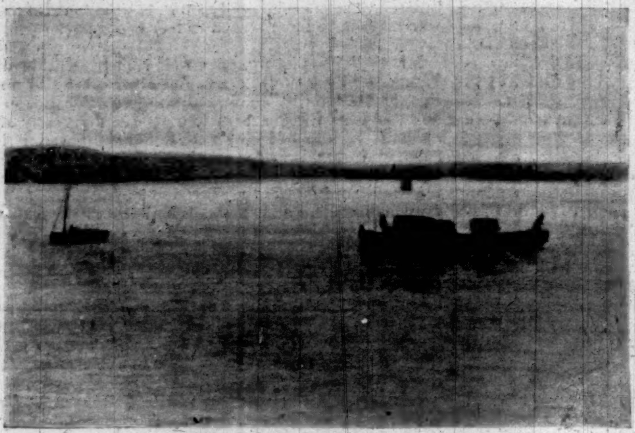
As a diggings Egypt holds out wonderfully. Some of the best loot ever recovered from its soil has been taken out within the last two years. The very latest discovery, reported this month, is the tomb of Osiris. It was found by a French Egyptologist, M. Amelineau. The reports about it are accepted in London as veracious, and it is considered to be not less than ten thousand years old.

E. S. MARTIN.

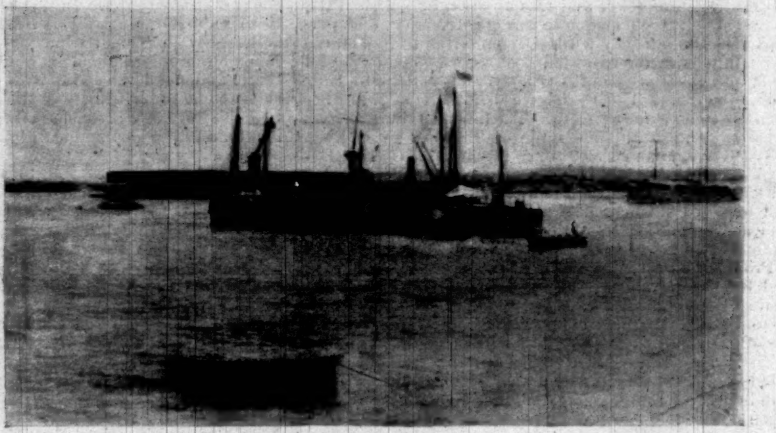
GRAVES OF "MAINE" VICTIMS IN THE CEMETERY AT HAVANA.



U. S. S. "MONTGOMERY" COALING AT KEY WEST.



THE DEATH-BOAT—ALWAYS ANCHORED NEAR THE WRECK WITH ITS LOAD OF EMPTY COFFINS.



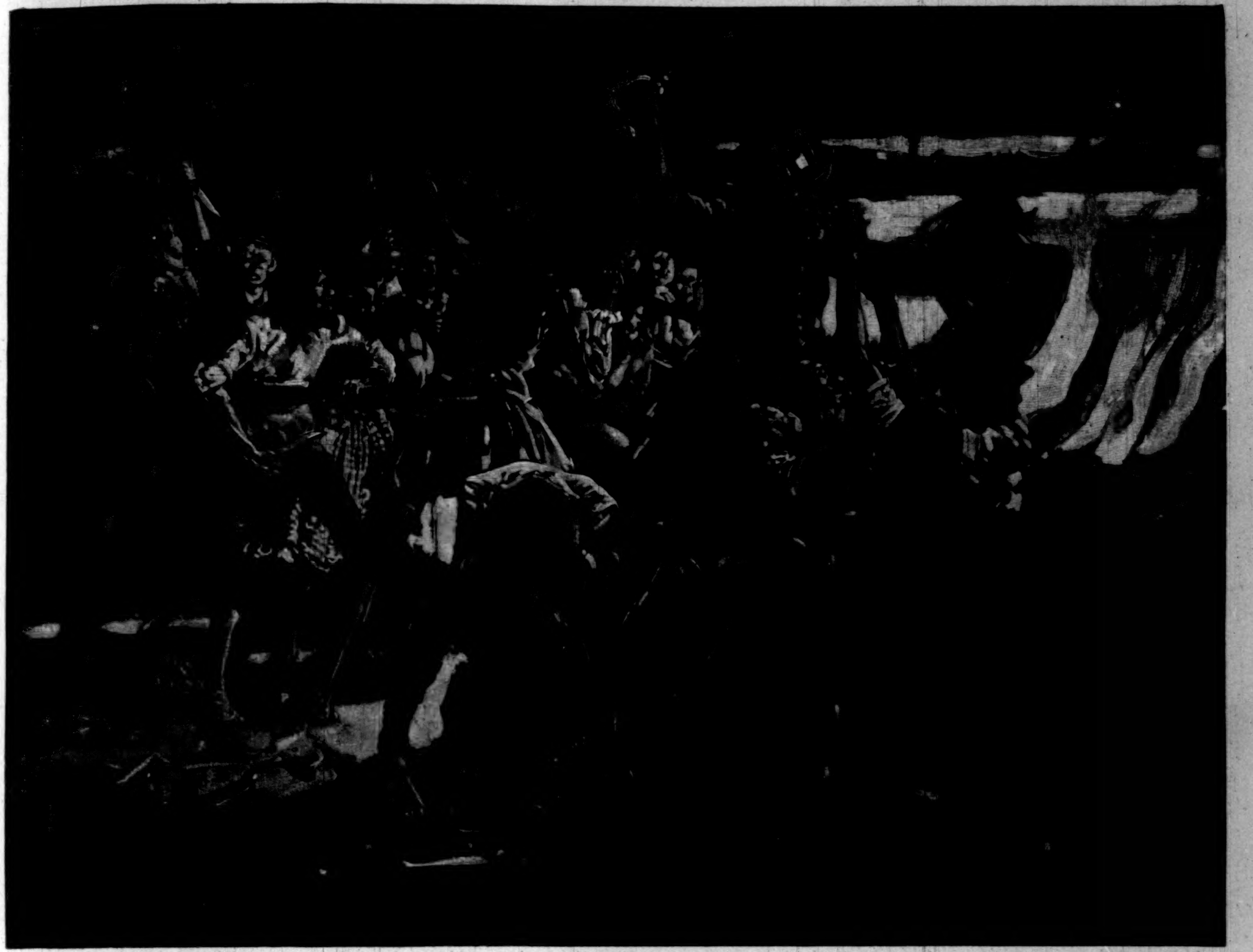
WRECKING-BOATS AROUND THE "MAINE."

AMERICAN DIVERS AT WORK ON THE WRECKED BATTLE-SHIP.

FIRST WREATH PLACED ON THE GRAVES OF THE AMERICAN SAILORS.
"In Memory of our Dead Heroes—American Citizens mourn their Boys."

GENERAL LEE, CAPTAIN SIGSBEE, AND CHAPLAIN CHIDWICK IN THE CEMENTERIO CRISTOBAL COLON.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—WRECKING OPERATIONS AND CARE OF THE DEAD.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD MARTIN, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 270.]



THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HUGO OF THE BROAD AXE.

BUT as for me, sleep I could not. And indeed that is small wonder. For it was the first night I had ever spent out of the Red Tower in my life. I seemed to miss some accompaniment to the act of going to sleep.

It was a long while before I could find out what it was that was disturbing me. At last I discovered that it was the howling of the kennelled blood-hounds that I missed. For at night they always raged and leaped on the barriers with their fore feet, hearing mayhap the moving to and fro of men come up sleeplessly from the streets of the city beneath.

But here, within a long day's march of Thorn, I had come into a new world. Slowly the night passed on. The candle guttered. A draught of air blew fitfully through the corridor in which we lay. It carried the flame of the candle in the opposite direction. I wondered whence it could come, for the air had been still and thick before. Yet I was glad of the stir, for it cooled my temples, and I think that but for one thing I might have slept. And had I fallen on sleep then no one of us might have waked so easily. I heard once or twice the flame of the candle give a smart little "spit," as if a moth or a fat bluebottle had forwarded into it, and fallen spinning to the ground with burnt wings. Yet there were no moths in the chambers, or we should have seen them about the lights at the time of supper. Nevertheless, I heard again the quick light "*plap!*" And presently I saw a pellet fall to the ground, rolling away from the wall almost to the edge of the straw on which I lay.

I reached out a hand for it, and in a trice had it in my fingers. It was soft like mason's putty. "Plop" came another. I was sure now. Some one was shooting at the flame of the candle, with intent to leave us in the dark. Jorian and Boris snored loudly, like tired men-at-arms. I need say no more.

I lay with my head in the shadow, but by moving little by little, with sleepy grunts of dissatisfaction, I brought my face far enough round to see through the straw the window at the far end of the passage, which, as I had discovered upon our first coming, opened out upon the ravine running at right angles to the street by which we had come.

Presently I could see the lattice move noiselessly, and a white face appeared with a boy's blow-gun of pierced bore-tree at its lips.

"Alas!" said I to myself, "that I had these soldiers' skill of the knife-throwing. I would have marked that gentleman." But I had not even a bow—only my sword and dagger. I resolved to begin to learn the practice of pistol and crossbow on the morrow.

"*Plap-scat!*" The aim was good this time. We were in darkness. I listened the barest fragment of a moment. Some one was stealthily entering at the window end.

"Rise, Jorian and Boris!" I cried. "An enemy!"

And leaping up, I ran to relight the candle. By good luck the wick was a sound, honest, thick one, a good housewife's wick—not such as are made to sell and to put in ordinary candles of offertory.

The wick was red, and smoked as I put my hands behind it and blew. "*Twang! twang! hiss! hiss!*" went the arrows and bolts about me, bringing down the clay dust in handfuls from the walls.

"Down on your stomachs—they are shooting crosswise along the passage!" cried Jorian, who had instantly awakened. I longed to follow the advice, for I felt something sharp catch the back of my under-suit of soft leather, in which, for comfort, I had laid me down to sleep. But I *must* get the candle alight. Hurrah! the flame flickered and caught at last. "*Twang! twang!*" went the bows. Something hurtled hotly through my hair—the iron bolt of an arbalest, as I knew by the song of the steel bow in a man's hand at the end of the passage.

"Get into a doorway!" cried Boris, as the light revealed me.

And like a startled rabbit I ran for the nearest—that within which Helene and the Lady Ysolinde were lying asleep. The candle, as I have said, was in a niche, which proved a great mercy for us. For our foes, who had thought to come on us by fraud, could not now shoot it out. Also, in lighting it, in my eagerness to save myself from the hissing arrows behind me, I had pushed it to the very back of the shrine. I had no weapon now but my dagger, for in rising to relight the candle I had carelessly left my sword in the straw. And I felt very useless and foolish as I stood there to wait the assault with only a bit of guardless knife in my hand.

Suddenly, however, there came a diversion.

"Crash!" went a gun. Flame, smoke—much of both—and the stifling smell of sulphur. Jorian had fired at the face of the pop-gun knave. That putty-white countenance had a crimson splash on it ere it vanished. Then came back to us a scream of agony and the sound of a heavy fall outside.

"End of act the first! The Wicked Angels—hum, hum—go to hell!" cried Jorian, cheerily, recharging his pistolet and driving home the wadding as he spoke.

It may well be imagined that during our encounter with the assailants of the candle, whose transverse fire had so nearly finished me, the company out in the great kitchen had not been content to lie snoring on their backs. We could hear them creeping and whispering out there beyond the doors; but till after the shot from the soldier's pistolet they had not dared to show us any overt act of hostility.

Suddenly Jorian, once more facing the door, now that the passage was clear, perceived by the rustling of the straw that it began to open gradually. He waited till in another moment it would have been wide enough to let in a man.

"Back there, dog, or I fire!" he bellowed. And the door was promptly shut to.

After that there came another period of waiting very difficult to put over. I wished with all my heart for a crossbow or any shooting weapon. Much did I reproach myself that I had not learned before, as I might well have done from the men-at-arms about the Wolfsberg, who for my father's sake (or Helene's) would gladly have taught me.

The women folk in the room behind my back were now up and dressed. Indeed, the Lady Ysolinde would have come out and watched with us. But I besought her to abide where she was. Presently, however, Helene put her head without, and seeing me stand by the door with my sword, she asked if I wanted anything. She appeared to have forgotten her unkind good-night tone, and I was not the man to remind her of it.

"Only another weapon, Sweetheart, besides this prick-point small sword!" said I, looking at the thing in my hand, I doubt not, a trifle scornfully.

Helene shut to the door, and for a space I heard no more. Presently, however, she opened it again, and thrust an axe with a long handle through to me. It was the very fellow of the weapon I had used on the pendent calf in the kitchen. I understood at once that it was her apology, and her justification as well. For the Little Playmate was ever a straight lass. She ever did so much more than she promised, and ever said less than her heart meant. Which perhaps is less common than the other way about—especially among women.

"I found it on my incoming, and hid it under the bed," she said.

Then judge ye if I sheathed not my small sword right swiftly, and made the broad axe blade, to the skill of which I was born, whistle through the air. For a mightily strange thing it is that though I had ever a rooted horror at the thought of my father's office itself, and from my childhood never for a moment intended to exercise it, nevertheless I had always the most notable facility for cutting things. Never to this day have I a stick in hand, but when I walk abroad among the ragweed waving yellow on the grassy pastures below the Wolfsberg, I must needs make wagers with myself to cut to an inch at the heads of the tallest and never miss. And this I can do the day by the length, and never grow weary. Then again, for pleasaunce, my father used to put me to the cutting of light wood with an axe, not always laying it upon a block or nag-clog, but sometimes setting the billet upright and making me cut the top off with a horizontal swing of the axe. And in this I became exceedingly expert. And how difficult it is no one knows till he has tried.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

So it is small wonder that as soon as I gripped the axe which Helene passed me I felt my own man again.

Then we were silent and listened—and again listened and held our breaths. Now I tell you when enemies are whispering unseen without, rustling like rats in straw, and you wonder where they will break in next, thinking all the while of the woman you love (or do not yet love, but may) in the chamber behind—I tell you a castle is something less difficult to hold at such a time than just one's own breath.

Suddenly I heard a sound in the outer chamber which I knew the meaning of. It was the shifting of horses' feet as they turn in narrow space to leave their stalls. Our good friends were making free with our horses. And if we were not quick about it we should soon see the last of them, and be compelled to traverse the rest of the road to Plassenburg upon our feet.

"Jorian," cried I, "do you hear? They are slipping our horses out of the stalls! Shall you and I make a sortie against them, while Boris with that pistol of his keeps the passage from the wicks of the middle door?"

"Good!" answered Jorian. "Give the word when you are ready."

With the axe in my right hand, the handle of the door in my left, I gave the signal.

"When I say 'Three!' Jorian."

"Good!" said Jorian.

Clatter went the horses' hoofs as they were led towards the door.

"One! Two! Three!" I counted, softly but clearly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SORTIE.

The door was open, and the next I mind was my axe whirling about my head, and Jorian rushing out of the other door a step ahead of me, with his broadsword in his hand. I cannot tell much about the fight. I never could all my days. And I wot well that those who can relate such long particulars of tales of fighting are those who stood at a distance and labored manfully at the looking on—not of them that were close in, and felt the hot breaths and saw the death-gleam in fierce desperate eyes, close as the eyes of lovers when they embrace. Ah, Brothers of the Sword, these things cannot be told. Yet, of a surety, there is heady delight in the fray itself. And so I found. For I struck and warded not, that being scarce necessary. Because an axe is an uncanny weapon to use, but still harder to stand against when well used. And I drove the rabble before me—the men of them, I mean. I felt my terrible weapon stopped now and then—now stopped softly, now suddenly, according to that which I struck against. And all the while the kitchen of the inn resounded with yells and threatenings, with oaths and cursings.

But Jorian and I drove them steadily back, though they came at us again and again, with spits, iron hooks, and all manner of curious weapons. From out of the corners we saw the gleaming watchful eyes of a dark huddle of women and children. Presently the clamorous rabble turned tail suddenly, and poured through the door out upon the pathway, quicker than spring water through a tide-race in the fulness of the ebb.

And, lo! in a moment the room was sucked empty, save only for the huddled women in the corners, who cried and suckled their children to keep them still. And some of the wounded with the axe and the sword crawled to them to have their ghastly wounds bound. For an axe makes ugly work at the best of times, and still worse on the edges of such a pagan fight as we three had just fought.

So we went back victorious to our inner doors.

Then Jorian looked at Boris and nodded across at me.

"Good!" was all that he said. But the single word made me happier than many encomiums.

In spite of all, we were no nearer to getting away that I could see. For there was still all that long, desperate traverse of the defile before we could guide our horses to firm ground again. But while I was thinking bitterly of my first night's sleep (save the mark!) away from the Red Tower, I heard something I knew not the meaning of—the beginning of a new attack, as I judged.

It sounded like a scraping and a crumbling somewhere above.

"God help us now, Jorian!" I cried; "they are coming upon us every way. I can hear them stripping off the roof-tile overhead—if such rabbit-warrens as this have Christian roofs!"

Boris sat down with his back against the earthen wall and trained his pistol upwards, ready to shoot whatever should appear. Presently fragments of earth and hardened clay began to drop on the hard floor of the corridor. I heard the soft hiss of the man-at-arms blowing up his match. And I waited for the crash and the little heap of flame from the touch.

Suddenly a foot, larger than that of mortal, plumped through our ceiling of brick-dust, and a huge scatterment of earth tumbled down. A great bare leg, with attachment of tattered hose hanging here and there, followed.

Before the pistol could go off, Boris meanwhile waiting shrewdly for the appearance of a more vital part, a voice cried, "Stop!"

I looked about me, and there was the Lady Ysolinde come out of her chamber, with a dagger in her hand, looking upward at the hole in the ceiling.

"For God's sake, do not fire!" she cried; "'tis only my poor Lubber Fiend. Shame on me that I had quite forgotten him all this time!"

At which, without turning away the muzzle, Boris put it a little aside, and waited for the disturber of brick-dust ceilings to reveal himself. Which, when presently he did, a huge grinning face appeared, pushing forward at first slowly and with difficulty; then, as soon as the ears had crossed the narrows of the pass, the whole head to the neck was glaring down and grinning to us.

"Lubber Jan," said Ysolinde, "what do you up there?"

The head only grinned and waggled pleasantly, as it had been through a horse-collar at Danzig fair.

"Speak!" said she, and stamped her foot. "I will shake thee with terrors else, monster!"

"Poor Jan came down from above. It is quite easy!" he said. "But not for horses. Oh no! But I will go and bring the Burgomeister. Do you keep the castle while I go. He bides below the town in a great house of stone, and entertains our Prince Miller's Son's archers. I will bring all that are sober of them."

"God help us, then!" quoth Jorian; "it is past eleven, and as I know them, man by man, there will not be so much as one man able to prop up another by this time!"

"Aha!" cried the head above, "you say that because you know the archers. But I say I shall bring twenty of them—because I know the strength of the Burgomeister's ale. Hold the place for half an hour and twenty right sober men shall ye have."

And with that the Lubber Fiend disappeared in a final avalanche of brick-dust.

He was gone, and half an hour was a long time to wait. Yet in such a case there was nothing for it but to stand it out. So I besought the maids to retire again to their inner chamber, into which neither bullets nor arrows could penetrate. This, after some little persuasion, they did.

We waited. I have since that night fought many easier battles, and bloody battles too. Now and then a face would look in momentarily from the great outer door, and vanish before one could put a shot into it. Next, ere one was aware, an arrow would whistle with a "*Hisst!*" past one's breastbone, and stand quivering, head-covered in the clay. Vicious things they were, too, steel-pointed, and shafted with iron for half their length.

But all waitings come to an end, even that of him who waits on a woman's arraying of herself. Erdberg evidently did not know of the little party down at the Burgomeister's, below the pass of the ravine. Or, knowing, did not care. For just as our half-hour was crawling to an end, with a unanimous yell a crowd of wild men with weapons in their hands poured in through the great door and ran shouting at our position. The window at the end of the passage opened, and a man leaped through. Him I sharply attended to with the axe, and stood waiting for the next. He also came, but not through the window. He ran, head first, through the door, and being stricken down, completely blocked it up. Good service! And a usefully bulky man he was. But how he bled—Saint Christopher! That is the worst of bulky men, they can do nothing featly—not even die!

One man won past me, indeed, darting under the stroke of my axe, but he was little advantaged thereby. For I fetched a blow at the back of his head with the handle, which brought him to his knees. He stumbled and fell at the threshold of the maids' chamber. And, by my sooth, the Lady Ysolinde stooped and poignarded him as featly as though it had been a work of broidering with a bodkin. Too late Helene wept and besought her to hold her hand. He was, she said, some one's son and lover. It was deucedly unpractical. But 'twas my Little Playmate. And, after all, I suppose, the crack he got from me in the way of business would have done the job neatly enough without my lady's dagger.

I tell you, the work was hot enough about those three doors during the next few moments. I never again want to see warmer on this side of Peter's gates—especially not since I got this wound, with its trick of reopening in my thigh at the most inconvenient seasons. But the broad axe was a blessed thought of the little Helene's, and helped to keep the castle right valiantly.

Yet I can testify that I was glad with more than mere joy when I heard the "trot, trot!" of the Prince's archers coming at the wolf's lope, all in each other's footsteps, along the narrow ledge of the village street.

"Hurrah, lads!" I shouted; "quick and help us!"

And then, at the sound of them, the turmoil emptied itself as quickly as it had come. The rabble of ill-doers melted through the wide outer door, and the archers received and attended to them there. Some precipitated themselves over the cliff. Some were straightway knocked down, stunned, and bound. Some died suddenly. And a few were saved to stretch the judicial ropes of the Bailiwick. For it was always thought a good thing by such as were in authority to have a good show on the "Thieves' Architrave," or general gallows of the vicinity, as a thing at once creditable to the zeal of the worthy dispensers of local justice and pleasing to the Kaiser's officer when he comes spying that way

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SITUATION IN THE TRANSVAAL.

President Kruger's abrupt dismissal of Chief-Justice Kotze has precipitated in its most acute form a crisis for which students of South African history have long been prepared. The net result of the President's action is to destroy the independence of the Transvaal judiciary, to override the Grondwet, or written constitution, of the republic, and make the Volksraad, like the British Parliament, the supreme legislative authority of the land. It is as though some American President, with the consent of Congress, but without consulting the wishes of the people, were suddenly to force the Supreme Court into a position of subserviency to the national legislature, and give to Congress a plenary power in the making of laws, uncontrolled by the Constitution of 1789. One's imagination shrinks from considering the inevitable chaos even in such an orderly country as America, where parties are evenly balanced, and no class reserves to itself a divine right of tyrannizing over another class, and where a chance majority in Congress, having no permanent hostility to any particular section of the electorate, would be less likely to abuse its illimitable authority. It is the absence of all these conditions in the Transvaal that makes the open subjection of the judiciary and the consequent supremacy of the Volksraad a grave danger to the welfare of the republic. Half the land and nineteen-twentieths of the wealth are owned by the Outlanders, who have no votes by means of which they can influence legislation. These Outlanders, who outnumber the Boers by nearly two to one, possess also whatever intelligence and businesslike capacity are to be found in the country. The Boers, to whom alone is given the right of voting, and who therefore have absolute control of the Volksraad, are a nation of stock-raisers, so ignorant and incompetent that their President had to import a batch of clerks from Holland to run their government for them. Circumstances have rendered this pastoral oligarchy suspicious of and hostile to the wealth-producing majority of unenfranchised residents. The Volksraad, in particular, has made it a pastime to harass their industries by every conceivable form of oppressive legislation. Some of its less backward members are disposed to a fairer and more lenient treatment of the Outlander claims; but though the Volksraad is legally possessed of more legislative power than is granted to any other chamber in the world, the tumultuous course of events has made the President practically despotic—just as the American civil war broke through the strict letter of the Constitution and made Mr. Lincoln a dictator as absolute as Cromwell or Napoleon. And President Kruger, in his aversion to the foreigners who have settled in the Transvaal, is a thorough Boer of the old school, and as little disposed as any one can be to change the course of legislation in their favor. Hitherto the Outlanders have found in the High Court and the ability and rectitude of the Chief Justice some protection against the more wanton of the President's acts. Now that the Chief Justice is dismissed and the High Court made subject to the Volksraad, their last safeguard is taken away. The property and rights of 100,000 Englishmen, Germans, and Americans, who claim nothing more than that amount of justice which is allowed to the resident in every civilized land, are completely at the mercy of an irascible old farmer who can hardly sign his name.

The dispute between the President and his Chief Justice must be traced back to its source in the vague drafting of the Grondwet ("ground law") of 1858. The Boers who drew up that instrument were simple farmers whose dissociative habits and restricted language had more than confirmed their native ignorance. Of historical or legal knowledge they had virtually none. Nor had they, like the sages of 1789, like the framers of the Australian Federation to-day, any pre-existing political organization on which to model their new constitution. Indistinct recollections of the system of government in Cape Colony formed their only material. Necessarily the document they hammered out was crude, imperfect, and often obscure. It consists of two hundred and thirty-two articles, many of them dealing with the most trivial subjects in the most minute way. But the grand defect of the charter is that it contains no provision for amendment—an oversight all the more curious as the constitution of the neighboring republic of the Orange Free State, framed only four years earlier, prescribes a simple and effective scheme of alteration. The drafters may have thought, like Justinian, that their handiwork was so complete and would so commend itself to posterity that no change would prove necessary. Possibly they relied on Boer conservatism and the general good sense of the nation. More probably they overlooked the point altogether. Its omission has had the odd result of casting doubt on the real nature of the Grondwet. Does it embody a rigid or a flexible constitution? That is to say, can it, like the constitutions of Switzerland and the United States, be altered only in some specially prescribed fashion? Or may it, like the British constitution, be changed in the same way and by the same authority as that whereby the ordinary law is changed?

In favor of the former alternative, that the constitution is a rigid one, it has been urged that since the Grondwet was drawn up by a Volksraad specifically elected for that purpose, it ought only to be altered by a similar body chosen in like manner; that the general scheme of government it provides for—the division of authority among the legislature, the executive, and the judiciary—was obviously meant to be unchangeable; and that several of its clauses—clause 9, for instance, which declares that "the people will not allow of any equality between colored and white inhabitants"—were certainly intended to be and have always been regarded as the fundamental law of the land. On the other hand, the excessive minuteness of some of the provisions forbids the idea that they could ever have been seriously expected to remain unaltered; and as no specific scheme of amendment is laid down, the changes, when change is necessary, can only be made by the Volksraad acting in its ordinary legislative capacity. Hence the constitution must be deemed a flexible one. This indeed is the view which the Volksraad has repeatedly taken without protest from the people or the judiciary. Several alterations in the structure of government have been effected by a simple act of the Legislature without any express mandate from the people. In fact, whatever may have been the intentions of its framers, the Grondwet has, for the most part, come to be regarded as embodying a flexible constitution, alterable by the Volksraad at its own unfettered discretion.

With this view the judiciary, having a natural preference for the strict letter of the law, has not been wholly in agreement. Many times it has seen the Grondwet violated and made no protest, either through timidity or conceiving that the changes contemplated by the Volksraad were necessary, and did not affect what was obviously organic and fundamental in the constitution.

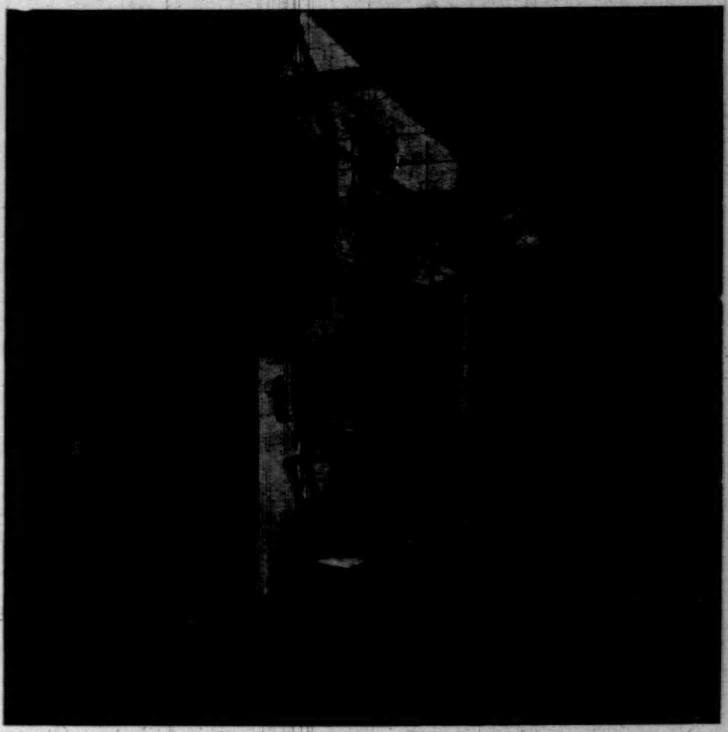
But of late years the increasing boldness of the legislature in occupying most of the debatable ground left open by the constitution-framers of 1858 has roused the judiciary to a proper sense of its position, and made it aspire to the dignity and authority of the United States Supreme Court. Chief-Justice Kotze was the first to announce from the bench that the Grondwet was the paramount law of the land, and to claim for the High Court the right of testing the enactments of the Volksraad by reference to its provisions. The legislature, after so long an immunity from judicial control, did not take kindly to this claim, and for the past ten years disputes between the Volksraad and the High Court have been frequent, and at times critical. In particular, Article 12 in the Grondwet has been the subject of continuous disagreement. This clause allows a period of three months within which the people may intimate to the Volksraad their opinion on any proposed law, except "those laws which admit of no delay." Now the legislature has in fact neglected this provision, and passed what it has called "resolutions," many of which have been by no means urgent, and on none of which have the people been asked their opinion. These "resolutions" have been treated as equally binding with laws passed in accordance with Article 12, which has never been formally repealed. But when the judiciary began to assert itself, the validity of these "resolutions" was very properly called into question, and many of them pronounced null and void, the High Court declaring that it alone could determine what matters were or were not urgent. On the other hand, it is contended that by the prevailing Roman Dutch doctrine of obsolescence by contrary practice, Article 12 has been implicitly repealed; and that even if this be not so, there is nothing in the Grondwet to prevent the Volksraad from deciding at its own discretion what laws do or do not admit of delay.

Obviously such a rough and ready system of jurisprudence was fraught with danger. The time was bound to come when a direct collision between the judiciary and the legislature on some vital matter could not be avoided. Such a time came in 1896. The Volksraad passed the Alien Immigration Act and the Press Act in clear contravention of Articles 6 and 19 in the Grondwet. The High Court declared them unconstitutional, and therefore void. Mr. Kruger retaliated by requiring the judges to take oath they would henceforth recognize the enactments of the legislature as of higher authority than the Grondwet. This the Chief Justice, firm in the support of professional opinion, refused to do. A compromise was effected in March, 1897, by which the High Court agreed not to question the acts and the resolutions of the Volksraad, provided that, after the Presidential election, the Grondwet should be reaffirmed as the fundamental constitution of the state, and the High Court be made entirely independent. The election took place last month, and Mr. Kruger was chosen President for the fourth time. His first act was to break through the compact of the preceding March, dismiss the Chief Justice, and appoint in his place a judge who had already given proof of a willingness to oblige the President, and who received his new office only on condition that the claim of the High Court to pronounce on the validity of the acts of the Volksraad should be quietly abandoned. Chief-Justice Kotze has not accepted his dismissal without protest. He has adjourned the High Court *sine die*, and still considers himself technically the highest judicial officer in the state. But he is practically powerless to enforce his claims against the ignorance of the Boers, the popularity of the President, and the ambitions of the Volksraad. The Transvaal judiciary has in effect become the tool of the legislature.

In taking this extreme step President Kruger may or may not, owing to the opposite interpretations of the Grondwet, be legally correct. But that his action is one of bad faith and politically mischievous is certain. It can only increase the disaffection of the Outlanders. Of all their demands, only one, and that the least important, has been conceded since Dr. Jameson's raid threw discredit on the justice of their cause. The remainder, and they make a formidable list, are as far from being granted to-day as they ever were. In America, which apparently is not the same country that once held the principle of taxation without representation to justify a revolution, their claims have been scoffed at as unreasonable. For all that, they seem to many not only just, but certain of realization. Two things are on their side—time and the follies of the Boer government. The latter, by making a travesty of justice, will gradually alienate the more enlightened among their supporters; and as the process of educating the Transvaal goes on, it will become more and more clear that the independence of the republic can only be maintained by the admission to the franchise of the foreign settlers. A revolution is bound to come; whether peaceably or with war and bloodshed depends on the extent to which the Boers grant or resist the necessary reforms. President Kruger's conquest of the judiciary, by incensing the Outlanders more than it will estrange his followers, looks ominous for a peaceful settlement. It may easily prove to be the beginning of the end.

Sydney Brooks.

A NATIONAL NEWSPAPER LIBRARY.



NEWSPAPER STACKS IN THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The huge and ever-increasing collection of newspapers which now forms so large and so useful a part of the National Library at the British Museum had its beginnings in an almost accidental way. From the days when the modern newspaper came into existence in England, until the middle years of this century, three taxes were paid in connection with newspapers. White paper paid a duty at the mill. Every newspaper had to be impressed with an inland revenue stamp, and another duty was paid on advertisements. The collection of these duties formed a large part of the work of the Inland Revenue Department two generations ago, and to aid the collectors in checking the amounts due for newspapers and advertisements, printers of newspapers were required by law to send copies to the department at Somerset House in London.

When the department had used the newspapers for its purposes, they were turned over to the British Museum; and thus was formed the nucleus of the vast collection which today includes the complete files of every newspaper printed in England during the present century.

The taxes imposed on newspapers were all abolished between 1840 and 1869; and in 1869, when the last of them was gone, and Parliament was freeing journalism from the fetters fastened on it in the reactionary period of the French Revolution, it also repealed the law which required the sending of a copy of every newspaper to the Inland Revenue Department. By 1869, however, the value and utility of the great collection of newspapers which had been gradually formed at the British Museum had become well known, and there was some apprehension lest, when the obligation of the newspaper proprietors to the Inland Revenue Department was gone, the growth and continuity of the collection should be jeopardized.

It was thought that an act of Parliament would be necessary to bring the proprietors of newspapers into the same relationship to the British Museum that they had held to the Inland Revenue Department; but it was discovered that the Museum had claims upon the proprietors under the Copyright act of 1845. These claims had not been pressed as long as the Inland Revenue Department was acting as the collecting agent for the Museum.

As soon, however, as the tax-collectors ceased to discharge this duty, the Museum authorities asserted their rights under the Copyright act; and since 1869 every proprietor of a newspaper has been compelled to send files of his journal to the Museum.

Nothing that can be described as a newspaper escapes the law. A copy of every issue of the *Times* is on file at the Museum; so is a copy of every provincial weekly newspaper, no matter how insignificant. All the papers are sent free of expense to the Museum. The sending of them is something of a tax on the proprietors, but it is one of the conditions under which the copyrights of their journals are secured.

In addition to the newspapers thus obtained during the present century the Museum has acquired—sometimes by purchase, sometimes by gift—a large collection of journals of the eighteenth century. Some of these go back as far as 1720. Altogether there are now some 27,000 volumes of newspaper files at the Museum. They are all carefully catalogued, and the volumes are as easy of access to students as any of the books in the great library.

This was not always the case. A few years ago the collection was in much confusion, and there was no adequate catalogue. Within the last three or four years, however, the entire collection has been rearranged. Every volume has been overhauled, and a large number of long-lost journals have been discovered and catalogued. The cataloguing and the arrangement are now as complete as possible, and the only difficulty which confronts the Museum authorities is that of space.

The collection grows at a remarkable rate, and before long it will have absorbed all the space which, in the existing building, can be set apart for newspapers. Before long some system of selection may have to be adopted. As yet, however, everything received is bound and catalogued.

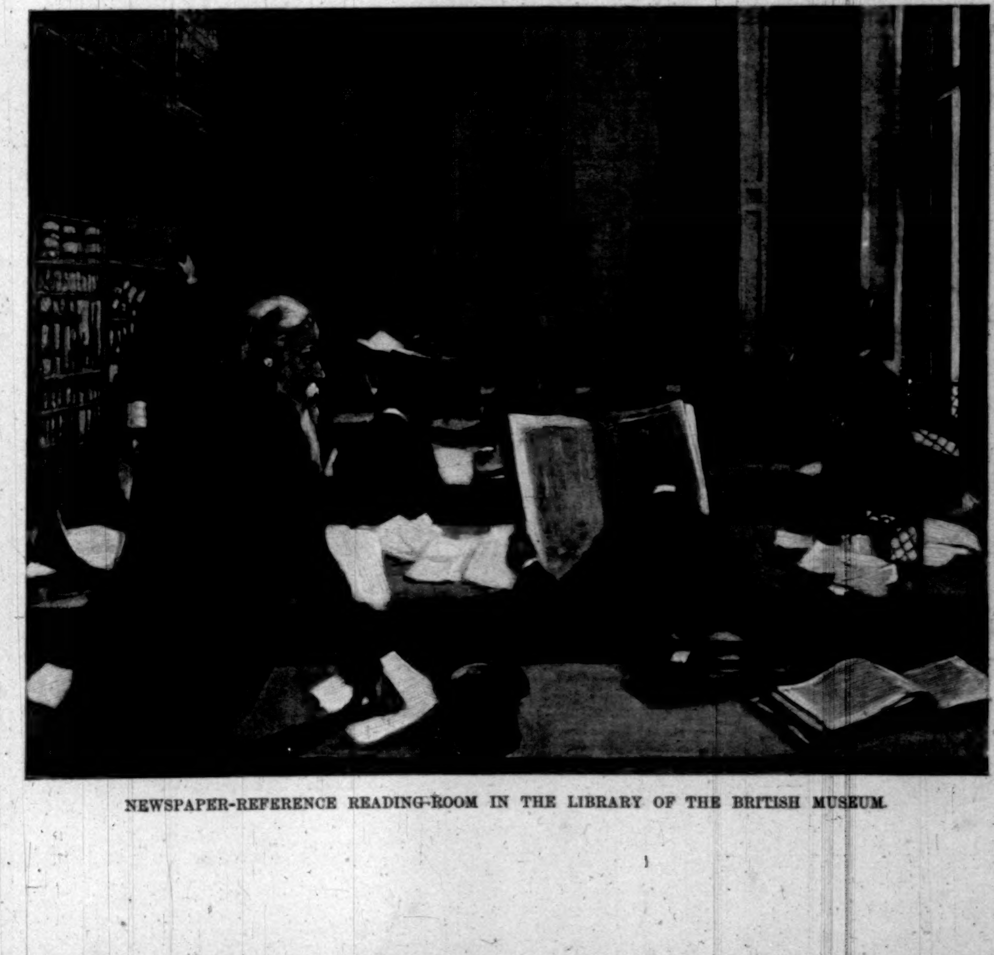
The rate at which the collection grows is shown by the fact that for 1831 the English provincial newspapers were all contained in 41 volumes. The number for 1860 had increased to 278, while for 1894 it was over 900. Twenty to twenty-five presses are required to accommodate the files of the provincial papers for one year. Only in the larger English towns are there daily journals. Most of the provincial papers are published weekly; a few of them twice a week.

Each provincial newspaper is not given a volume entirely to itself. The weekly papers are bound in sets of thirteen weeks, and it often happens that three different sets of newspapers are contained within one green vellum cover. The name of each paper in the volume, and the period the file covers, are in gilt lettering on the back, and all the files of one year are arranged in adjoining presses.

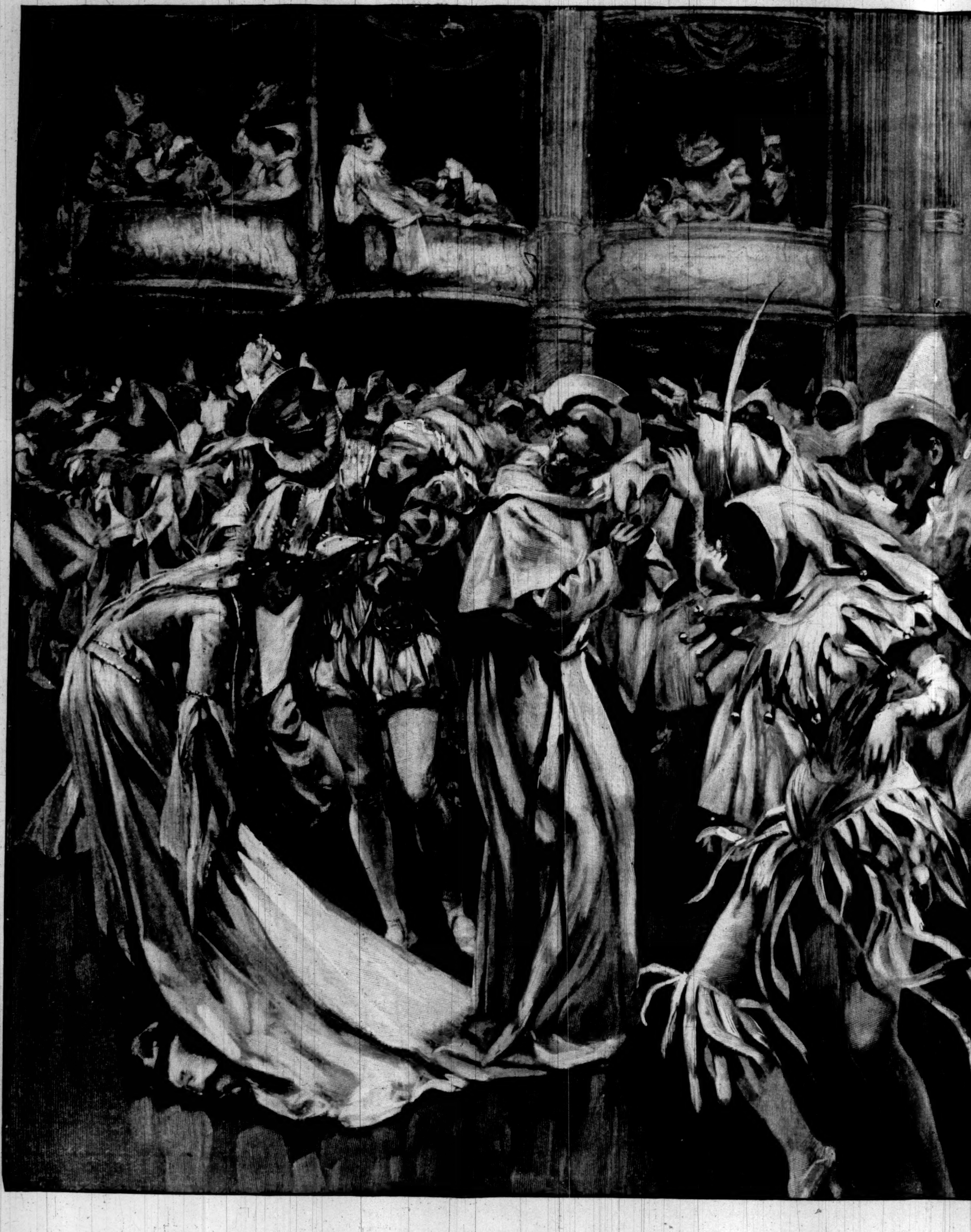
Most of the newspaper files are stored on either side of the corridor which runs around outside the rotunda. The general reading-room is in the rotunda, the whole of which is given up to books and desks for readers. The corridor is on the outside of this vast room, and on the floor below the reading-room. Presses and shelves line the corridor on either side, and on these shelves the files of the provincial newspapers are stored. The inner wall affords 279 square yards of shelf space, and the outer wall 360 square yards, while in the angles formed by the rotunda and in the adjoining corridors on the same floor there are, in addition, 390 square yards. In all, on this floor there are rather over 10,000 square yards of shelf room, the whole of which is set apart for the provincial papers, in which are included those of Scotland and Ireland.

The London papers are all housed on another floor, in what is known as the White Wing of the Library building, and in this wing is the hall set apart for newspaper-readers. It is fitted with desks and racks specially adapted to meet the convenience of searchers and students who are using the heavy newspaper files; it is excellently lighted; all the facilities afforded to readers in the general reading-room are available, and no newspaper research-work is permitted except in this room. The London papers are on the same floor as the newspaper reading-room; but any one of the 27,000 volumes contained in the collection is at the disposal of the readers.

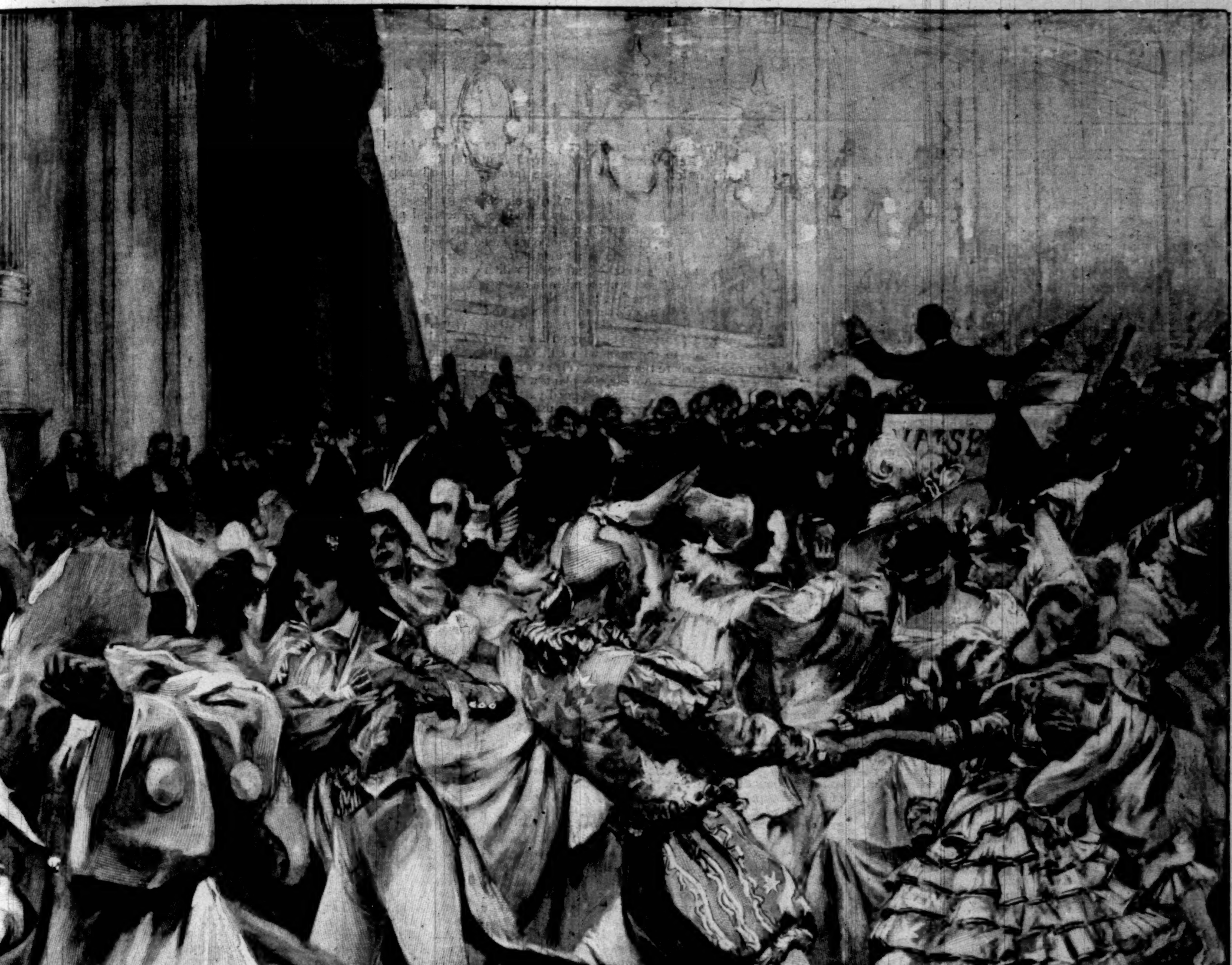
Newspapers for the current year are not accessible, but the work of binding, indexing, and cataloguing the volumes is kept well up to date, and the files of one year are usually available early in the next. The majority of the readers are lawyers, historical students, and journalists, and the desks in the newspaper-room are always as well filled as those in the general reading-room. Some of the larger English municipal libraries, such as those of Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, file a number of the more important daily and weekly papers. The collection at the Museum, however, is the only one of national proportions; and the fact that this collection exists, is so inclusive and so easily accessible, makes it unnecessary for the public libraries of lesser importance to use their funds or their space in making collections of newspapers.



NEWSPAPER-REFERENCE READING-ROOM IN THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



THE MID-LENT FESTIVAL AT NICE—THE "WHITE BALL"



L" AT THE CASINO.—Drawn by J. Gulich.—[See Page 271.]

BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

VIII.—DROUTH-RESISTING CROPS—ALFALFA AND KAFFIR CORN.

THE man who has seen his property, representing perhaps the accumulation of a long time, swept out of existence by fire, without adequate insurance, probably can understand the feelings of utter hopelessness and absolute discouragement that come to the farmer on the Western prairies when the blasting winds, sometimes in a single night, blister the face of the earth for hundreds of miles, and destroy millions of dollars' worth of crops by "firing." When such a scourge comes, the farmer's lot is most forlorn. It seems as if the hand of God was raised against him. The blow stuns and staggers.

What in the East would be called a smart breeze sweeps almost constantly over the prairie States of the Middle West. In the daytime in summer it is usually hot. At sundown the wind almost ceases, and then a cool breeze, refreshing and sweet, takes its place, and brings rest and comfort to the tired man who tills the land. Occasionally, however, the evening breeze rolls in over the land as if it had been caught on the way and passed through the coils of some monster furnace; it burns and blisters even worse than the wind through which the hot rays of the sun shine. The farmer tosses wearily on his bed, and early in the morning, when he goes to his fields, he finds that a pestilential blight has passed over them in the darkness, and his crops are ruined. His corn has been "fired." From the ground perhaps half-way up the stalks the plants are dead and yellow. This happens when there has been a marked deficiency of moisture, and the ground is parched until its life-giving qualities are almost exhausted before the killing winds arrive.

At such a time it is little help to the farmer to reflect that the ways of Providence are mysterious, or to recall that the afflictions of the righteous are many. The Western farmer is not an irreligious man—in fact, in no State, probably, in the Union are the churches so well filled as in Kansas; he is energetic and practical in his beliefs and theories. He has fought too many battles with nature to give up entirely when the hot winds smite him grievously. He is too intelligent to sit still and do nothing at such a time, and so for years he has been studying how to defeat nature in what to him is her most costly mood. Moreover, the intelligent farmer, with the aid of scientific research and experiment, has been practically successful. In two crops, alfalfa hay and Kaffir corn, he has found drouth-resisting qualities that practically defy nature's withering blasts. Alfalfa, of itself, is a most valuable crop for feeding and developing live-stock, and, besides, withstands great heat. It is almost an ideal food. Kaffir corn has practically the same nutritive qualities that Indian-corn possesses, and also withstands great heat. Taken altogether, alfalfa and Kaffir corn make the ideal dairy ration, as has been found after exhaustive tests—a ration that is bringing prosperity to thousands of those engaged in that industry.

Alfalfa is not new to the United States. For many years it has been one of the chief crops on the Pacific coast. It has also been cultivated to some extent in the East, but not by the ordinary farmer. The farmer of the Middle West knew little of it. Professor Flint, who has made a study of grasses, says that it was introduced into Europe by Darius, from Media in Asia, about 500 B.C. It was cultivated by the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians. When the western hemisphere was discovered Spanish priests brought it across the Atlantic and planted it near their missions. In that way it was introduced into South America. In that way also it crept up along the Pacific coast, and into Central America and into what is now the southern part of the United States. Wherever it has gone it has proved a blessing. It has lasting qualities as a forage plant. It is said that near the city of Mexico there are alfalfa-fields more than three hundred years old. One authority says that the plant will live in a field one thousand years, producing bountifully every year. With half a chance it defies heat. It even laughs at hail. It enriches the soil, and it does what probably no other plant in this country can do—it produces three crops a year even above the frost-line. After it becomes established in a home it requires only the care of the reaper. Its production is cheap, therefore, and it is doubtful if nature ever made a more beneficent gift of the kind to humanity.

Alfalfa is what might be called a clover-plant. It has somewhat the appearance of clover. It is slender, and branches considerably. It has leaves arranged in threes, but smaller than the leaves of clover. It is what is called a leguminous plant; that is, it bears its fruits in pods. It has beautiful purple blossoms scattered along its stems. But its crowning glory is its deep green color. No landscape carpet can compare with it in that respect. A poetic writer of Nebraska has called the plant "the gentle green-robed queen of the prairie," which, "waving her magic wand, has brought peace and plenty to many an humble home." It holds its color after the biting frosts come, and a valley spread for many miles with alfalfa is probably the most beautiful sight that nature affords in the Middle West.

The chief utility of the plant to Kansas and Nebraska is that it will grow in the short-grass country—the sloping half-barren lands that reach clear to the Rocky Mountains. No other kind of "tame grass" may be grown there successfully. A long and bitter struggle has convinced the farmer that the small grains and ordinary corn cannot be grown with a fair certainty of profit west of the middle-line of Kansas and Nebraska. To remain in that territory the farmer must raise those things which will not antagonize nature too deeply. Live-stock thrives on the natural grasses, and in that there is a hint which the farmer has employed to his advantage. By raising three crops of alfalfa hay a year he has something with which to feed his live-stock in the winter and prepare them for food. With Kaffir corn, as has been said, it makes the ideal dairy ration, and this enables the farmer to make money in that industry.

The chief reason why alfalfa hay will grow in the short-grass country is that it has long roots. They have been known to strike twenty-five feet deep for moisture. The plant will not thrive, therefore, in soil that is not open and deep. An ideal place for its growth is along the river bottoms in the western part of Kansas—land under which great lakes of "sheet water," miles upon miles in extent, are found from ten to twenty-five feet below the surface. The roots of alfalfa readily push down to the water and drink when they need moisture, and the result is that the plant blossoms and prospers, and becomes a never-failing source of revenue to the man who cultivates it. On the rolling uplands, where there is scarcely an average rainfall of twenty-five inches a year, the plant will live and produce hay nearly always. It makes good pasturage under ordinary conditions there, and is almost certain every year to produce a fine crop of seed. All the uplands are fertile enough, the only trouble about making use of that fertility being the lack of moisture. Irrigation has not yet succeeded in bringing water in abundance to the assistance of the tiller of the soil in this region, and therefore only such a plant can live as has deep roots, and a pertinacity that even the hot winds of Kansas cannot shake.

There is another remarkable characteristic of this plant that none of its rivals possesses—that is, the power to enrich chemically exhausted land. Along its tangled roots close examination shows masses of what are known to be tubercles. In other words, every root of alfalfa is afflicted with tuberculosis. Inhabiting these tubercles are myriads of bacteria. It is a general belief that bacteria are harmful to the human race. Some kinds are; but science is authority for the statement that bacteria are not always dangerous. Professor G. L. Clothier, of the State Agricultural College in Kansas, says, in discussing the bacteria on alfalfa and similar plants: "Many species are very beneficial to the world. Among them are the bacteria inhabiting the tubercles on the roots of leguminous plants."

I remember that one of the assistants in this department of that college held up to me with a great show of pride a culture of some sort showing what he said was a marvellous growth of bacteria in tubercles. He was absolutely fond of those tubercles. My thought was one of great surprise, until he informed me that one of the best things for the rehabilitation of exhausted soils was to grow some sort of plants on whose roots tubercles such as those would thrive. Alfalfa is one of these plants. Its long roots have a double part to play in this renovation of nature. The millions upon millions of bacteria draw large quantities of nitrogen from the air and store it up in the tubercles for use when the plant needs it. Scientific experiment has shown this to be absolutely true. Then the roots go on an excursion for certain chemicals on their own hook. They go down ten, fifteen, or twenty feet, and bring up the potash and phosphoric acid that are needed for such a plant and its tubercles. Now when these roots decay or are ploughed underground they not only release the great quantities of chemicals that have been stored up, but they leave millions upon millions of little openings in the earth, into which fresh air and moisture find their way, and thus fertility of soil is renewed. In other words, the land renews its youth and vigor by means of a plant which drags down into its roots certain chemicals from the air, and pulls up into its roots certain other chemicals from the deep soil that could not be reached in any other way. It has been said that alfalfa lives more on the air than on the soil.

It has been proved beyond shadow of doubt that alfalfa does renew the youth of the soil. Phenomenal yields of wheat and other cereals have followed the ploughing under of fields of alfalfa, and these yields have continued year after year. Professor Clothier has called attention to the mistake that farmers make in uprooting many of the native grasses and weeds in the western parts of Kansas and Nebraska. He says he wants to see the farmers treat the soil in a rational manner. He puts his complaint in this way:

"Something over forty years ago man came along and proceeded to disturb the harmonious arrangement of plant species which nature, by the law of evolution, had established. He destroyed the wild plants in order that he might grow wheat and corn. But wheat and corn do not support the beneficent soil bacteria, so these gradually became exterminated. From that time on the fertility of the soil has been slowly but surely becoming exhausted, and in the end the farmer himself is becoming exhausted in the process of raising wheat and corn. He does not know that the extermination of a microscopic one-celled plant, living in the dark places of the earth, is the cause of his failure in business, and yet this is undoubtedly the case."

Professor Clothier also adds, "In my opinion the wild lands of Kansas contain more productive wealth (capital), if left in the wild condition, than the gold-mines of Colorado."

The immediate use to the farmer of alfalfa, however, is to feed his live-stock. He may use it as pasture or as hay. In other words, he may feed it green or dry. But it seems to be agreed that as pasture alfalfa is somewhat dangerous. Cattle and sheep which eat of it freely become sick, bloat, and often die rapidly. Horses and swine may eat it green with safety. It is rich in albuminoids, and pigs simply thrive on it. One of the authorities says that "alfalfa-grown hogs have never been known to have the cholera. Diligent inquiry through the sections of western Kansas where hogs have been grown on alfalfa fails to reveal a single case of loss by that disease."

It seems to be agreed that the chief value of alfalfa as a food is to promote growth of animals, and that to produce fat it needs some other food mixed with it. In a dry condition it may be fed with reasonable safety to all kinds of live-stock. It is cheap in its production, and it is highly nutritious. Its nearest of kin in hay is red clover, and chemical analysis has shown that either as hay or in a green condition alfalfa is superior in every respect to red clover. It contains nearly fifty per cent. more crude protein, the chief element in all foods, than red clover. One authority has figured out that alfalfa is forty-five per cent. better in feeding value than clover, and sixty per cent. better than timothy hay. It must be a remarkable plant, surely, that has these rich food qualities, as well as the power to resist drouth when ordinary grasses would die, and also the power to reinvigorate the soil.

One might ask why, if all these things are true, it is not raised more extensively by farmers generally. In the first place, the seed is expensive as yet. In the next place, it is practically new, and farmers are slow to take up newfangled things. Again, it requires most skilful care in raising it, a full crop not being available for three years. At one year's growth the plant is easily killed. Too much water or too little cultivation will destroy it. When once firmly rooted it is perennial, and requires no care except to gather in the fruit of its enduring labor in the shape of strong succulent hay. The farmer must know how to utilize it as fodder, or it becomes dangerous, and it is for this and the other reasons given, probably, that it has not been cultivated more extensively. Nevertheless, it is increasing in acreage yearly. The number of acres growing in Kansas in 1896 was 155,949, a great increase over the previous year. In 1897 the number of acres was 177,137, an increase of more than 21,000 in one year. It is said that there is a profit of from $10 to $30 an acre in raising this crop, and it is also said that it will remain a profitable crop, no matter how many farmers go into the business, because when transformed into beef it makes the cheapest and best meat in the central West. The beef industry is one that by the nature of things must increase. If the farmer cannot sell his alfalfa hay at paying prices as hay, he can sell it as beef.

The Hon. J. H. Churchill illustrates the staying qualities of alfalfa by saying:

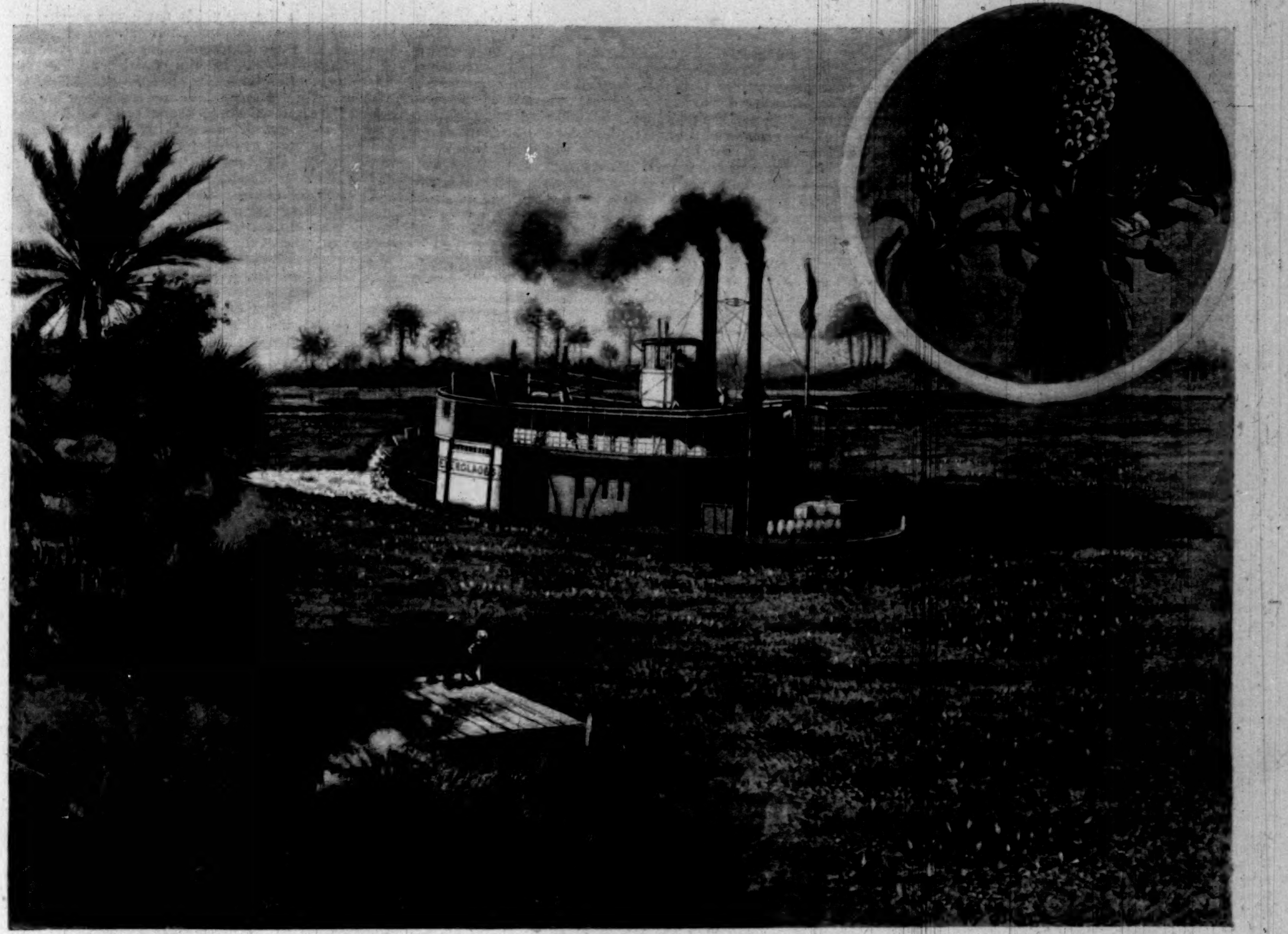
"The alfalfa farm is a dividend-paying investment through all kinds of seasons, an insurance against hail, as well as a guarantee from drouth. I have seen a field in bloom cut to the ground by a June hail, and in less than thirty days blooming again for the harvest. What other crop will do that? . . . I believe this is the best paying business in the West to-day."

There are many men in the West to-day who have recognized the truth of what Mr. Churchill says. The crop failures of recent years showed that it paid to raise alfalfa. One of the best known newspaper writers in Nebraska, J. W. Johnson, told in the Nebraska *State Journal*, on November 21 last, a story that illustrated this fact graphically. He had been driving near Culbertson, in the western part of Nebraska, and his companion stopped suddenly and pointed out a brick bank building in town and a white farm-house not far from town. Those buildings concerned the careers of two men. One was a banker who had come out into Nebraska about fifteen years before. He had been county treasurer of one of the best known counties of Iowa, and had brought with him to Nebraska nearly $30,000, with which he started a bank. He did very well, until hard times came along, and then he got into difficulties. The other man was a Russian peasant, who came to the same place a year or two later. It took about all his savings to get to his destination, so that it is said of him that when he reached Culbertson he was as "poor as a rat." That man got hold of a bushel of alfalfa seed, and he raised as much of the hay as he could from it, increasing his crop year by year. He raised cattle and hogs as well. He always had crops when corn and wheat and the other cereals failed, and he always had live-stock to sell. He soon so prospered that he gave to each of his sons a farm at marriage, and to his daughter, who was married not long ago, he gave $1000 in cash—an unheard-of wedding gift for a farmer to make out in that territory. This alfalfa-grower had considerable business to do with the bank. According to Mr. Johnson, when he found that the bank was in trouble he demanded his money. The bank went down, but the farmer remained in control, and the banker had to quit. Alfalfa for that man had not only withstood all the storms of nature, but had helped him to survive the financial storms that had swept over that region. Those farmers in the West who have raised alfalfa with care and intelligence are not among the people who are distressingly poor.

Illustrating again the profit there is in raising alfalfa, I quote from a speech made by the Hon. W. R. Akers, former secretary of the Nebraska Board of Irrigation, at the fourth annual convention of the Nebraska Irrigation Association, at Lexington, Nebraska, on November 20, 1896:

> But of all the ordinary agricultural crops, alfalfa is the most remunerative. I almost fear to commence to talk of this wonderful fodder plant and to tell in relation to it, for fear of being thought untruthful. Some of the stories told me on a late visit to my home in Scotts Bluff County seem incredible, and were it not for the fact that I can vouch for the honesty of the people who told me, I would scarcely dare to repeat them. One is the alfalfa seed crop of John R. Stilts, of Mitchell Valley, Scotts Bluff County. He had a forty-acre field of alfalfa which he saved for seed, and from this field he took thirteen bushels and three pecks per acre, which he sold at $3 per bushel; besides, he cut one crop of hay, which alone would pay all the expense of irrigating, cutting, and threshing, leaving him a net profit of $41 25 per acre; or, in other words, a net of ten per cent. on $412 50 per acre. I have no doubt that if you had offered John $30 per acre for his land before he got his crop, you would have gotten the land.

Akin to alfalfa as a drouth-resisting plant is Kaffir corn. It is something new in agriculture in this country. It was



WATER-HYACINTHS IN THE ST. JOHNS RIVER, FLORIDA.

introduced late in the eighties from Africa, where it had attracted attention in resisting drouth. It too has long roots. They reach a depth of from eighteen to twenty inches. It seems to have the power of sustaining itself during a period of arrested development. In other words, it stops growing in time of drouth, when other corn dies, and if a rain comes within a reasonable time—say, three or four weeks after Indian corn has been killed—it will start up growing where it left off, and produce a crop. The Hon. Scott E. Winne is authority for this statement regarding the drouth-defying qualities of Kaffir corn:

"I have seen Kaffir corn mature a crop of from forty to fifty bushels per acre right by the side of Indian corn that was killed by drouth so that not even a nubbin was matured."

Kaffir corn does not grow quite as high as Indian corn. It sends out more than one flower-stalk, and thus develops several ears. The yield of this kind of corn is from ten to fifteen bushels an acre greater than Indian corn in good years, and when Indian corn produces absolutely nothing, Kaffir corn has been known to produce from twenty to thirty bushels of corn. It will grow on almost any kind of soil, and it must be a complete vegetation-killing year when it will not produce some kind of a crop. In 1893 there were 45,000 acres of this kind of corn grown in Kansas. In 1897 there were 371,838 acres of it produced in that State. It was equivalent to 1,358,739 tons of corn, and the value of it was $4,076,217. Nebraska raised a large quantity of this kind of corn also. It has come to play an important part in the fortune and economy of the West in the ten years it has been known.

In yielding fodder this corn has another desirable characteristic. It remains green until after the seed is ripe. The yield of this fodder is nearly double that of ordinary corn. The grain makes good flour, and is also a good popcorn. As a food product it is not quite so nutritious for live-stock as Indian corn, but the margin of difference is so slight that only scientific research is able to reveal it. In a given quantity it has been found that Indian corn has 81.7 per cent. of the substances that produce heat and fat and support muscular effort. Kaffir corn produces 80.7 per cent. of the same substances in the same quantity of corn. It is more difficult, however, for the farmer to prepare the grain of Kaffir corn for food than the old-time corn. Kaffir corn is harder and grittier, and needs more grinding than its rival. Neither cattle nor swine make as great a growth in weight while being fed for market on Kaffir corn as on the old-time feeds, but an exhaustive experiment, made by the State Agricultural College in Kansas in 1896, revealed that when cattle and hogs are fed together, red Kaffir corn (the white Kaffir corn not being so nutritious as the red) is the best ration that can be used on the farm. That part of the product that the cattle fail to use in beef-making the hogs absorb, and the minimum waste results. Elaborate tables have been made showing the superiority of Kaffir corn to all other kinds of corn for the Western farmer, all based upon the fact that it is a drouth-resister, that it has the power to grow again after it has taken a forced rest, and that it does not become "fired," as ordinary corn does in a time of hot winds.

A remarkable thing about alfalfa and Kaffir corn has been demonstrated in the experiments at the Kansas Agricultural College, and that is that twenty pounds of alfalfa hay and eight pounds of Kaffir corn make the "ideal dairy ration." It is asserted by the experts at this institution that on this ration it is possible for the Kansas dairy cow to produce the very best butter at four cents a pound. Allowing two cents a pound for freight to New York city, the Kansas dairymen assert that they can put butter on the market in the metropolis cheaper than any other producers in the country. If that be true, the outlook for the farmer who cultivates these unfailing crops of alfalfa and Kaffir corn must be rosy, for whether the farmer decides to transform these crops into butter, or into beef, pork, or mutton, he seems to be in a position to do so at the minimum cost.

There is still another food coming into cultivation in Kansas and Nebraska that will have an important effect probably on agriculture in those States. That food is the soy bean, a Japanese product that was brought to this country in 1890. This bean has the peculiar property of being able to supply certain qualities that are lacking in all varieties of corn as a fattening product. It is a little black bean that has been grown for centuries in Japan, and takes its name from a sauce into which the beans are made in that country. None of the ordinary fodder plants of this country compare with the soy bean in nutritive qualities. As a food it is equally attractive to human beings as to live-stock. It compares favorably with the ordinary bean for table use. Its great value as a supplemental food is shown by some tables which the Kansas Agricultural College worked out in an experiment with twelve pigs. When fed with Kaffir-corn meal the pigs made a gain of .50 of a pound a day. When fed with a ration consisting of two-thirds Kaffir corn and one-third soy bean the gain was 1.44 pounds a day. When fed with a ration of ordinary corn-meal the gain a day was .80 of a pound. When fed on a ration of two-thirds ordinary corn-meal and one-third soy bean the gain was 1.46 pounds a day. There are other kinds of Japanese beans that are undergoing investigation in the West. In alfalfa and Kaffir corn the farmer has two splendid weapons with which to contest with nature for supremacy. The officials of the Kansas Agricultural College do not hesitate to say that these two crops will be the "probable salvation of western Kansas and other portions of our Western country under similar climatic conditions."

When one goes about an agricultural community and talks with this and that man, he is likely to become confused as to the relative value of the various branches of farming. One man will assert that it pays best to raise fruits. Another will declare for live-stock. Another will assert that wheat is the only crop worth while producing. As each branch is extolled, and only the good points of that branch brought to the front, one wonders how any farmer ever failed in raising almost anything on his property. It is owing to the difficulty of obtaining unbiassed judgments about crops, and especially about alfalfa, that Secretary Coburn of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture had this to say in one of his official reports:

"To be persuaded of its worth and importance does not necessitate accepting without qualification the honestly made, well-meant, yet almost incredible statements of yields and profits. Discounted fully one-half, they still indicate that under conditions such as prevail on millions of Kansas acres, alfalfa can and should early become a factor in our agricultural economy and prosperity."

If alfalfa may be called the "gentle queen of the prairie," surely Kaffir corn may be designated properly as the stalwart king and consort. And it is not too great a stretch of the fancy to denominate the soy bean as an attractive prince of the realm.

THE WATER-HYACINTH PEST IN FLORIDA.

It seems strange to denominate so beautiful a flower as most of us regard the hyacinth a pest, and yet too much of a good thing, not properly placed, frequently becomes noxious; thus it is with the water-hyacinth in Florida. Its beauty can be seen from the vignette, which represents the hyacinth in full bloom, and its pestiferous qualities will have to be imagined from the following description.

It is not actually known when or how this flower was first introduced into Florida, although statistics tell us that it was found in the St. Johns River about 1890, in a pond somewhere near Palatka. The settlers tell us that in cleaning out this pond some of the plants were thrown into the river, they grew, and were so beautiful that settlers transplanted them to different parts of the river, to beautify their places, and thus the seemingly irreparable mistake was made.

The hyacinth is a native of South America, has a thick bushy root, and floats on the top of the water without any apparent attachment to the bottom. If it could be kept near the shore no danger need be apprehended, but wind and storms send it floating out into the middle of the stream in such large masses that navigation is seriously impeded, and the captains of the river craft are beginning to look upon it with growing fear and horror.

As I was sailing up the river on the old steamer *Everglades*, as represented in the sketch, toward Jacksonville, I noticed this great green mass. As we sailed farther up, it became so thick that the vessel advanced with difficulty. The illustration shows how our steamer struck the mass. We backed and pushed, and finally extricated ourselves. The small stern-paddle boats can hardly push their way through these large masses, and at times are completely blocked. I have seen vessels going at full speed brought to a complete standstill.

These plants are capable of doing considerable damage in many ways other than that of endangering navigation. They propagate so fast and grow so rank that the narrow creeks running into the larger river are so thoroughly covered, from bank to bank, that boards can be laid across that would easily bear a person, so it is quite impossible to expect anything short of a dredging-machine to penetrate them. One can also see how much danger may lie concealed under this dense mass. It imperils the health of the neighborhoods in which it grows so rank, being washed up on the bank, carrying with it the refuse that has been caught among its tangled mass, and decaying, sends forth odors that are neither the most pleasant to inhale nor the most healthful to breathe. Then, too, the hyacinth is destroying the timber industry, as it is impossible to float the logs, and it is menacing the livelihood of the fishermen, by preventing them from spreading their nets as has been their custom in the past; and not only are the fishermen prevented from catching the fish, but the fish get under these large masses and multiply with marvellous rapidity. The fish dying in large numbers, rise to the surface, and floating on the water, lodge amongst the other decaying matter on the banks, and constitute a dangerous menace to the health of that part of the country in which the hyacinth is getting to be so abundant.

The query is how to get rid of the pest. An agent from the Agricultural Department of the United States has been sent to Florida to ascertain, if possible, what can be done. It has been suggested that perhaps if the red spider or some natural enemy of the plant were deposited there it would be effectual in ridding Florida of the pest; but after this work had been accomplished, and the Floridians had got rid of their dreaded hyacinth, they might possibly find a more formidable enemy in the newly imported exterminator.

But certain it is something must be done or the rivers will soon be completely choked, navigation stopped entirely, and the water-hyacinth will take its place as one of the plagues of modern times.

REORGANIZATION OF THE NAVAL PERSONNEL, AND ITS BEARING UPON EFFICIENCY.

THE building of new ships and the providing them with armaments have absorbed during a large part of the last sixteen years that portion of the public attention and energy given to naval affairs—a work which has been almost wholly creative and administrative.

At the beginning of this period of reconstruction our navy consisted of a few wooden corvettes, which had long been anything but a source of pride or security to the country, and which were following one another to "Rotten Row" with appalling speed. Unless the country meant to disappear as a naval power, it was necessary to build ships; and so the work began, which has continued to the present day, and still continues. First, cruisers and gunboats were supplied to take the places of the old vessels; then, as our industrial facilities increased, armored cruisers were produced, and, finally, battle-ships and torpedo-boats, until the fleet, built and building, is of respectable size, and the vessels are, of their respective classes, equal to the best in foreign navies.

This work depended upon a great industrial development, and could not have been effected without it. Its demands induced and fostered this development. There was in the United States little knowledge of steel-making. Men claiming to be expert metallurgists still argued vehemently in favor of cast-iron guns. There was no establishment in the country that could produce the forgings for an eight-inch gun, and none that could roll five-inch armor. In the rapid strides of the past ten years these facts have been almost forgotten; but they existed, and they serve to mark the industrial advance which has placed our ship-yards and armor-plants in a position to seek and obtain foreign contracts, not finding in those from their own government enough to keep them employed.

There was little to do at sea when this movement began, and comparatively few officers were employed at sea. The ships, diminished in number and small in size, not only did not demand them, but could not accommodate them. The surplus were available for other duties, and were largely so employed. The Coast Survey, the Fish Commission, the Smithsonian Institute, and all the naval offices of the government were filled with officers deprived of their legitimate and proper field of duty and experience by the inadequacy of the fleet.

To this surplus the rebuilding of the navy brought new duties, but duties which were technical, not military. They were employed very largely in the design and construction of ordnance, and also in steel inspection, in the supervision of equipment, and in the domain of electricity. Well grounded in mathematics and the natural sciences at Annapolis, versatile, adaptable, and ambitious of results, naval officers took for fifteen years, after the first appropriations for new ships, a large part in the rebuilding of the fleet, and are entitled to corresponding credit for its successful accomplishment. In the mean time the stagnation of promotion, which had begun soon after the close of the war, grew continually more pronounced, and men began to get old in the subordinate grades. In 1875 officers reached command rank at the age of thirty-four; in 1885, at forty; and in 1895, at forty-nine. While, however, the naval mind was occupied more with questions of construction and of armament than with those of military organization and efficiency—*i. e.*, more with the material of war than with the means of using it—this block in the flow of promotion, and its effect upon the service, failed to attract the attention due to its importance.

But with the completion of a sufficient number of vessels again to place the United States in the position of a respectable and rising naval power—a period which may be regarded as beginning with the first assemblage, in 1889, of a squadron of the new cruisers, and with the return of officers to their natural and proper field of effort—military questions asserted their supremacy, and the effect upon the future employment and value of the new ships, produced by a stagnation of promotion unexampled in naval history, began to be widely and seriously discussed.

The first official recognition of the importance of remedying this growing evil took place in 1891, when Secretary Tracy organized a board of officers, presided over by Captain Phythian, to report upon its causes and the necessary measures of reform. Captain Mahan was a member of this board. It made an exhaustive report, showing plainly and logically that defective and ill-considered legislation and administration extending over a long period had produced only natural and to be expected results, and it recommended incisive and effective—in some respects, drastic—measures of reform. This report pleased neither the navy nor the Department. It was a cold, clear-cut analysis of the situation, and its recommendations were made without regard to individuals or classes of officers, but wholly in the interests of military (naval) efficiency. The majority of naval officers, conservative by habit and tradition, opposed any change, and the report was pigeonholed. But its able presentation of the question had not been without effect, and those who advocated this important reform were encouraged to continue their efforts.

The next step was Congressional. In January, 1894, a joint subcommittee, consisting of three Senators and three Representatives from their respective naval committees, was appointed "to fully investigate and consider the entire subject of the rank, pay, and all other matters relating to the *personnel* of the navy." This joint subcommittee sat for about a year, heard testimony and suggestions from line-officers of the several grades, from staff-officers, and from representatives of the enlisted men, and at the end of that time formulated its opinions and conclusions in a bill which was presented in the Senate by Senator Butler of South Carolina, and in the House of Representatives by Mr. Meyer of Louisiana. The characteristics of this bill were substantially the same as those of the Phythian Board report of three years before—viz., that arbitrary transfers to the retired list or to a "reserved list for shore duty only," to relieve the stagnation in promotion, and selection in some form which should constantly discriminate between officers, and bring to command and flag rank only those of superior ability, character, and acquirements, were both essential to naval efficiency.

The joint subcommittee bill failed. It received little or no support from the Department, and its enemies in the navy were active. There was a majority in the House of Representatives in its favor, or at least in favor of the adoption of a rule limiting debate and bringing it to a vote; but the Speaker, Mr. Crisp, whose influence had been enlisted against it, would not allow it to come to a vote. A decided step in advance had, however, been made, and the character of the opposition to reform had been more clearly defined. In the line of the navy it came from officers who were firmly and unalterably opposed to any change in existing laws which impaired the security of the promotion of each in his turn to the highest grade, and his retirement at the age of sixty-two with the highest pay. They maintained that all officers were of equal merit, or of merit so nearly equal that no board could discriminate with justice to individuals, or with advantage to the service, and, therefore, that seniority constituted a paramount claim to promotion. They admitted that this system had wholly broken down in war; that in 1861, with a navy list whose composition and formation was practically the same as that existing to-day—*i. e.*, the result of a system of promotion by seniority during a long period of peace—complete reorganization of the *personnel* was necessary before the navy was put fairly upon a war footing; that of the seventy-six captains at the head of the navy at that time very few achieved distinction, and that the great majority were set aside altogether, their places being taken by younger men. Nevertheless, in the face of this tremendous object-lesson, they insisted that nothing should be done in time of peace, but that the necessary changes should be effected after war breaks out—which means, under present conditions, that they shall be made in the face of an alert and prepared enemy. For it is hardly necessary to say that the views of these officers are not sustained by the theory or practice of any foreign naval power. Abroad it is held that everything which can be done in time of peace to prepare for war should be done, and while the final test of military worth is undoubtedly active service, that it is better and safer to select those of the best promise, of superior industry and capacity, than to trust to chance alone. Much of the work, also, upon which the success of campaigns depends—the work of organization and administration—is the same as in time of peace, and can be judged with equal fairness.

And of the advantages of more rapid promotion there is no doubt; that is a feature apart from selection, and may be separately considered. Men must be young, or they will not have the vitality for war. If on the downhill side of life, they cannot endure its physical and nervous strains. That has been abundantly demonstrated in all wars of any considerable duration.

No other navy has a record of service comparable with that of the navy of Great Britain, and there the two leading features controlling advancement here referred to as essential have been in operation for generations. Officers are selected for each promotion up to the grade of captain, and there is in each grade an age for retirement which limits the age of promotion to the next grade above and weeds out the poorest men—viz., those who have not been selected. A lieutenant is retired at forty-five, a commander at fifty, a captain at fifty-five. The retiring regulations of the British navy applied to the United States navy at the present time would retire twenty-four of the forty-five captains, sixty-nine of the eighty-five commanders, all of the lieutenant-commanders, and seventy-two—nearly one-third—of the lieutenants. Great Britain has found it necessary to keep the *personnel* of her navy young and vigorous, and to get the best men in the highest places. She has thus had a navy always ready for war, and one which has always stood the test of war without disorganizing changes in its rank list. She has never had an experience like ours in 1861–5, when a lieutenant at the beginning of the war was a rear-admiral at its close. A system which has endured such strains and achieved such results is worthy of study and imitation.

There was still another important source of opposition to naval reform in the attitude and aspirations of the corps of naval engineers. In the new ships the domain of mechanics was complete. Everything was done by or through steam-power, the electric and hydraulic motors being worked by steam through a conversion of energy; and the engineers claimed that this great change gave to their profession an added importance, and should increase their authority and the scope of their duties. This view was opposed by the line, which claimed that the prime conditions of military organization were not affected, and that, whether ships were propelled by oars, sails, or steam, the functions of her captain and other military officers remained the same, and that their authority should not be divided or impaired.

Much was said on both sides. Both had their adherents, and the real issue was not always clearly understood; but what is material to the present subject is that it became evident that nothing could be accomplished so long as line-officers and engineers were at odds. That was plainly stated by public men whose dictum was conclusive.

Matters were in this shape when, last fall, the board presided over by Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt was organized to consider and report upon the existing difficulties and propose remedies. Apart from Mr. Roosevelt's special interest in the navy, his name was a guarantee for the thorough and conscientious treatment of any subject to which he gave his attention, and the naval members of the board commanded the confidence of the service. There were seven line-officers and four engineers.

Their report, presented in the form of a bill, has received the approval of the Secretary of the Navy, and is now before Congress. Its striking and radical feature is the incorporation of the engineers with the line of the navy, or the abolition of the engineers as a separate corps. Of course this change is to be applied gradually to existing conditions. The older engineers are to have simply a change of title, but no change of duties. The members of an intermediate group may, if they elect to do so, and can pass the required examinations, be assigned to the general duties of the line, including succession to command; otherwise they are classed with the first group. The younger engineers are required to qualify within a certain time for line duties in all respects. Nearly all of those engineers who *must* or *may* undertake general line duties are graduates of the Naval Academy and have received a military training. The bill provides also for a corps of warrant-machinists for engine-room watches, and when the change has been completed a lieutenant will be detailed as chief engineer of a ship, as now he is detailed as her navigator, and will command the engineer division.

This scheme runs counter to tradition, and has naturally excited some opposition; but it is remarkable that a very large majority of the men in the service accepted it at once, showing that, consciously or unconsciously, they were prepared for this solution of the vexed problem. Line-officers are more than half engineers already. They have had, from the beginning of our naval renaissance, control of the design, installation, and management of all electrical and ordnance machinery, and have successfully met the attendant demands. To be thoroughly competent naval officers of the present day, they must of necessity be engineers, and in Mr. Roosevelt's admirable letter, transmitting the report of the board, this is set forth with effective reasoning. The change will have also the enormous advantage of simplifying relations on board ship, and removing causes of friction.

But this was only one of the questions passed upon by the board, and, in the estimation of many officers, not the most important one. The combining of line and engineers was simply enlarging the sphere of duties of naval officers. There remained the pressing demand for improving the military condition of the navy.

Briefly, the two prime conditions which must be met by any real reform of our system of naval advancement are:

(1) To bring picked men to the head of the list—*i.e.*, to the highest commands and responsibilities.

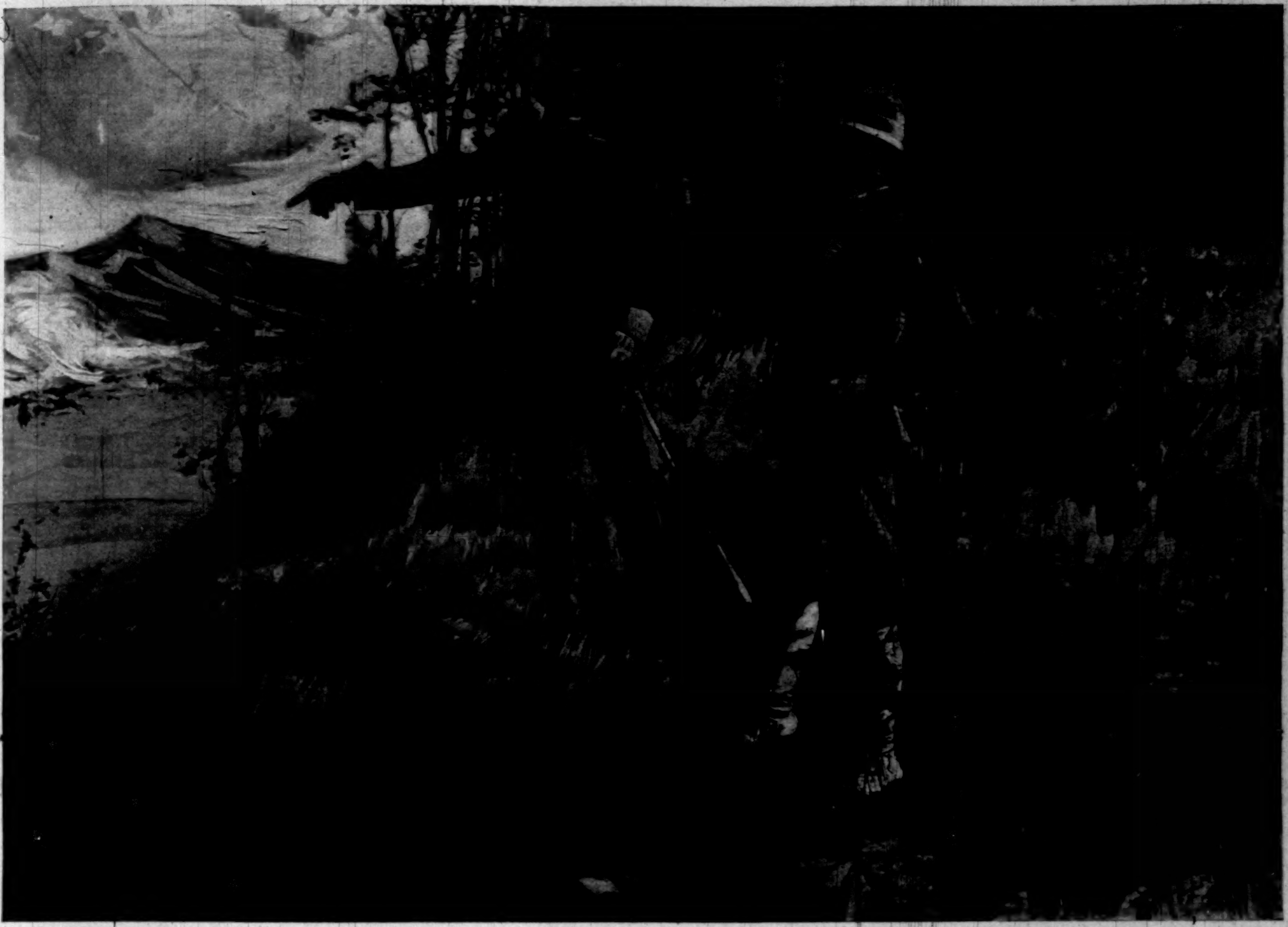
(2) To secure promotion to command rank prior to that age at which, through long service as a subordinate, an officer's capacity of adapting himself to new conditions and to the exercise of independent judgment and authority has become seriously impaired.

The Roosevelt Board, like the Phythian Board and the joint subcommittee of 1894, recognized these essentials in the measures of reform which it proposed. It prescribed the number of vacancies which should take place in the several grades each year—thirteen in the grade of captain, twenty in that of commander, twenty-nine in that of lieutenant-commander, and forty in that of lieutenant. If these occurred through natural causes, well and good, and a measure of voluntary retirement was introduced to facilitate the making of vacancies. But, if not, a board of rear-admirals was to be appointed towards the close of each year to produce the vacancies by transferring such officers as it should select to the retired list.

This is by no means a radical measure. It will still leave some of the lists, notably those of the lieutenant-commanders and lieutenants, filled with officers too old, according to naval standards and the experience of active service, for the subordinate duties which they are called upon to perform, but it will arrest the present stagnation of promotion, and will probably turn the tide in the other direction. The age of attaining command rank, which is now fifty, and steadily increasing—which within eight years, under present laws, will be fifty-five—would remain stationary for a few years, and would then probably gradually decrease.

The present bill is the latest step in a series of movements, actuated by the same necessity, meant to accomplish the same result, and which have been remarkable for their similarity of conclusions and recommendations. The Roosevelt Board, like its predecessors, finds that it is impossible to promote all officers to command rank, or all those who reach command rank to flag rank, and maintain the navy in a healthy and fit condition for war. The proportion of subordinate officers to those of command rank is so great that if all are promoted they reach command rank too late in life successfully to take up its new and important duties; and the proportion of commanding officers to flag-officers is so great that if all are promoted the tenure of flag rank is too short. It being necessary, then, to retire officers in the intermediate grades, the question arises as to how this retirement shall best be effected, and the board decides that it should be done by selection. This is the only feature of the board's report which was not unanimously agreed to. One of its members, having certainly the courage of his convictions, voiced the sentiment of the ultra conservatives when he desired this retirement to be effected "without the intervention of human intelligence"—*i. e.*, by chance or lot. But this view received only slight support; and it seems hardly necessary to assert that, when enforced retirements are to be made, the best officers, or those considered the best, should be retained. That is merely following a rule adopted in all departments of human activity.

The case, so far as regards the importance—more than the importance, the necessity—of this reform, seems to be closed. If, as a distinguished naval authority has asserted, "a ship is worth no more than the man who commands her," it is imperative that this man should have every advantage of training and experience. Existing conditions deny this absolutely to the men who will in a few years command our ships—even to the men who will in ten or twelve years command our squadrons. No bill which has ever been presented to Congress for the increase of the navy is of more importance than this measure to make and to keep the *personnel* equal to its ships and guns, and able to meet all demands in war as well as in peace.



DEATH AND THE CHILD.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

I.

THE peasants who were streaming down the mountain trail had in their sharp terror evidently lost their ability to count. The cattle and the huge round bundles seemed to suffice to the minds of the crowd if there were now two in each case where there had been three. This brown stream poured on with a constant wastage of goods and beasts. A goat fell behind to scout the dried grass, and its owner, howling, flogging his donkeys, passed far ahead. A colt, suddenly frightened, made a stumbling charge up the hill-side. The expenditure was always profligate, and always unnamed, unnoted. It was as if fear was a river, and this horde had simply been caught in the torrent, man tumbling over beast, beast over man, as helpless in it as the logs that fall and shoulder grindingly through the gorges of a lumber country. It was a freshet that might sear the face of the tall quiet mountain; it might draw a livid line across the land, this downpour of fear, with a thousand homes adrift in the current—men, women, babes, animals. From it there arose a constant babble of tongues, shrill, broken, and sometimes choking, as from men drowning. Many made gestures, painting their agonies on the air with fingers that twirled swiftly.

The blue bay with its pointed ships, and the white town, lay below them—distant, flat, serene. There was upon this vista a peace that a bird knows, when high in air it surveys the world, a great calm thing rolling noiselessly toward the end of the mystery. Here on the height one felt the existence of the universe scornfully defining the pain in ten thousand minds. The sky was an arch of stolid sapphire. Even to the mountains, raising their mighty shapes from the valley, this headlong rush of the fugitives was too minute. The sea, the sky, and the hills combined in their grandeur to term this misery inconsequent. Then, too, it sometimes happened that a face seen as it passed on the flood reflected curiously the spirit of them all, and still more. One saw then a woman of the opinion of the vaults above the clouds. When a child cried, it cried always because of some adjacent misfortune, some discomfort of a pack-saddle, or rudeness of an encircling arm. In the dismal melody of this flight there were often sounding chords of apathy. Into these preoccupied countenances one felt that needles could be thrust without purchasing a scream. The trail wound here and there, as the sheep had willed in the making of it.

Although this throng seemed to prove that the whole of humanity was fleeing in one direction—with every tie severed that binds us to the soil—a young man was walking rapidly up the mountain, hastening to a side of the path from time to time to avoid some particularly wide rush of people and cattle. He looked at everything in agitation and pity. Frequently he called admonitions to maniacal fugitives, and at other moments he exchanged strange stares with the imperturbable ones. They seemed to him to wear merely the expressions of so many bowlders rolling down the hill. He exhibited wonder and awe with his pitying glances.

Turning once toward the rear, he saw a man in the uniform of a lieutenant of infantry marching the same way. He waited then, subconsciously elate at a prospect of being able to make into words the emotion which heretofore had only been expressed in the flash of eyes and sensitive movements of his flexible mouth. He spoke to the officer in rapid French, waving his arms wildly, and often pointing with a dramatic finger.

"Ah, this is too cruel, too cruel, too cruel! Is it not? I did not think it would be as bad as this. I did not think—God's mercy!—I did not think at all. And yet I am a Greek. Or at least my father was a Greek. I did not come here to fight. I am really a correspondent, you see. I was to write for an Italian paper. I have been educated in Italy. I have spent nearly all my life in Italy. At the schools and universities. I knew nothing of war! I was a student—a student. I came here merely because my father was a Greek, and for his sake I thought of Greece—I loved Greece. But I did not dream—"

He paused, breathing heavily. His eyes glistened from that soft overflow which comes on occasion to the glance of a young woman. Eager, passionate, profoundly moved, his first words while facing the procession of fugitives had been an active definition of his own dimension, his personal relation to men, geography, life. Throughout, he had preserved the fiery dignity of a tragedian.

The officer's manner at once deferred to this outburst. "Yes," he said, polite but mournful, "these poor people! These poor people! I do not know what is to become of these poor people."

The young man declaimed again. "I had no dream—I had no dream that it would be like this! This is too cruel! Too cruel! Now I want to be a soldier. Now I want to fight. Now I want to do battle for the land of my father." He made a sweeping gesture into the northwest.

The officer was also a young man, but he was bronzed and steady. Above his high military collar of crimson cloth, with one silver star upon it, appeared a profile stern, quiet, and confident, respecting fate, fearing only opinion. His clothes were covered with dust; the only bright spot was the flame of the crimson collar. At the violent cries of his companion he smiled as if to himself, meanwhile keeping his eyes fixed in a glance ahead.

From a land toward which their faces were bent came a continuous boom of artillery fire. It was sounding in regular measures like the beating of a colossal clock—a clock that was counting the seconds in the lives of the stars, and men had time to die between the ticks. Solemn, oracular, inexorable, the great seconds tolled over the hills as if God fronted this dial rimmed by the horizon. The soldier and the correspondent found themselves silent. The latter in particular was sunk in a great mournfulness, as if he had resolved willy-nilly to swing to the bottom of the abyss where dwell secrets of his kind, and had learned beforehand that all to be met there was cruelty and hopelessness. A strap of his bright new leather leggings came unfastened, and he bowed over it slowly, impressively, as one bending over the grave of a child.

Then suddenly the reverberations mingled, until one could not separate an explosion from another, and into the hubbub came the drawling sound of a leisurely musketry fire. Instantly, for some reason of cadence, the noise was irritating, silly, infantile. This uproar was childish. It forced the nerves to object, to protest against this racket, which was as idle as the din of a lad with a drum.

The Lieutenant lifted his finger and pointed. He spoke in vexed tones, as if he held the other man personally responsible for the noise. "Well, there!" he said. "If you wish for war, you have now an opportunity magnificent."

The correspondent raised himself upon his toes. He tapped his chest with gloomy pride. "Yes! There is war—there is the war I wish to enter. I fling myself in. I am a Greek—a Greek, you understand. I wish to fight for my country. You know the way! Lead me! I offer myself." Struck with a sudden thought, he brought a case from his pocket, and extracting a card, handed it to the officer with a bow. "My name is Peza," he said, simply.

A strange smile passed over the soldier's face. There were pity and pride—the vanity of experience—and contempt in it. "Very well," he said, returning the bow. "If my company is in the middle of the fight, I shall be glad for the honor of your companionship. If my company is not in the middle of the fight, I will make other arrangements for you."

Peza bowed once more, very stiffly, and correctly spoke his thanks. On the edge of what he took to be a great venture toward death, he discovered that he was annoyed at something in the Lieutenant's tone. Things immediately assumed new and extraordinary proportions. The battle, the great carnival of woe, was sunk at once to an equation with a vexation by a stranger. He wanted to ask the Lieutenant what was his meaning. He bowed again majestically; the Lieutenant bowed. They flung a shadow of manners, of capering tinsel ceremony, across a land that groaned, and it satisfied something within themselves completely.

In the mean time the river of fleeing villagers had changed to simply a last dropping of belated creatures, who fled past, stammering, and flinging their hands high. The two men had come to the top of the great hill. Before them was a green plain as level as an inland sea. It swept northward, and merged finally into a length of silvery mist. Upon the near part of this plain, and upon two gray treeless mountains at the sides of it, were little black lines, from which floated slanting sheets of smoke. It was not a battle to the nerves. One could survey it with equanimity, as if it were a tea table, but upon Peza's mind it struck a loud clanging blow. It was war. Edified, aghast, triumphant, he paused suddenly, his lips apart. He remembered the pageants of carnage that had marched through the dreams of his childhood. Love he knew that he had confronted, alone, isolated, wondering, an individual, an atom taking the hand of a titanic principle. But like the faintest breeze on his forehead, he felt here the vibration from the hearts of forty thousand men.

The Lieutenant's nostrils were moving. "I must go at once," he said. "I must go at once."

"I will go with you wherever you go," shouted Peza, loudly.

A primitive track wound down the side of the mountain, and in their rush they bounded from here to there, choosing risks which in the ordinary caution of man would surely have seemed of remarkable danger. The ardor of the correspondent surpassed the full energy of the soldier. Several times he turned and shouted: "Come on! Come on!"

At the foot of the path they came to a wide road which extended toward the battle in a yellow and straight line. Some men were trudging wearily to the rear. They were without rifles; their clumsy uniforms were dirty and all awry. They turned eyes dully aglow with fever upon the pair striding toward the battle. Others were bandaged with the triangular kerchief upon which one could still see through blood-stains the little explanatory pictures illustrating the ways to bind various wounds—"Fig. 1." "Fig. 2." "Fig. 7." Mingled with the pacing soldiers were peasants, indifferent, capable of smiling, gibbering about the battle, which was to them an ulterior drama. A man was leading a string of three donkeys to the rear, and at intervals he was accosted by wounded or fevered soldiers, from whom he defended his animals with apelike cries and mad gesticulation. After much chattering they usually subsided gloomily, and allowed him to go with his sleek little beasts unburdened. Finally he encountered a soldier who walked slowly with the assistance of a staff. His head was bound with a wide bandage, grimy from blood and mud. He made application to the peasant, and immediately they were involved in a hideous Levantine discussion. The peasant whined and clamored, sometimes spitting like a kitten. The wounded soldier jawed on thunderously, his great hands stretched in clawlike graspings over the peasant's head. Once he raised his staff and made threat with it. Then suddenly the row was at an end. The other sick men saw their comrade mount the leading donkey and at once begin to drum with his heels. None attempted to gain the backs of the remaining animals. They gazed after him dully. Finally they saw the caravan outlined for a moment against the sky. The soldier was still waving his arms passionately, having it out with the peasants.

Peza was alive with despair for these men who looked at him with such doleful quiet eyes. "Ah, my God!" he cried to the Lieutenant. "These poor souls! These poor souls!"

The officer faced about angrily. "If you are coming with me, there is no time for this." Peza obeyed instantly, and with a sudden meekness. In the moment some portion of egotism left him, and he modestly wondered if the universe took cognizance of him to an important degree. This theatre for slaughter, built by the inscrutable needs of the earth, was an enormous affair, and he reflected that the accidental destruction of an individual, Peza by name, would perhaps be nothing at all

With the Lieutenant, he was soon walking along behind a series of little crescent-shaped trenches, in which were soldiers tranquilly interested, gossiping with the hum of a tea party. Although these men were not at this time under fire; he concluded that they were fabulously brave, else they would not be so comfortable, so at home in their sticky brown trenches. They were certain to be heavily attacked before the day was old. The universities had not taught him to understand this attitude. At the passing of the young man in very nice tweed, with his new leggings, his new white helmet, his new field-glass case, his new revolver holster, the soiled soldiers turned with the same curiosity which a being in strange garb meets at the corners of streets. He might as well have been promenading a populous avenue. The soldiers volubly discussed his identity.

To Peza there was something awful in the absolute familiarity of each tone, expression, gesture. These men, menaced with battle, displayed the curiosity of the café. Then, on the verge of his great encounter toward death, he found himself extremely embarrassed, composing his face with difficulty, wondering what to do with his hands, like a gawk at a levee.

He felt ridiculous, and also he felt awed, aghast at these men who could turn their faces from the ominous front and debate his clothes, his business. There was an element which was new born into his theory of war.

He was not averse to the brisk pace at which the Lieutenant moved along the line. The roar of fighting was always in Peza's ears. It came from some short hills ahead and to the left. The road curved suddenly and entered a wood. The trees stretched their luxuriant and graceful branches over grassy slopes. A breeze made all this verdure gently rustle and speak in long silken sighs. Absorbed in listening to the hurricane racket from the front, he still remembered that these trees were growing, the grass blades were extending according to their process. He inhaled a deep breath of moisture and fragrance from the grove, a wet odor which expressed all the opulent fecundity of unmoved nature, marching on with her million plans for multiple life, multiple death.

Further on they came to a place where the Turkish shells were landing. There was a long hurtling sound in the air, and then one had sight of a shell. To Peza it was of the conical missiles which friendly officers had displayed to him on board war-ships. Curiously enough, too, this first shell smacked of the foundry, of men with smudged faces, of the blare of furnace fires. It brought machinery immediately into his mind. He thought that if he was killed there at that time it would be as romantic, to the old standards, as death by a bit of falling iron in a factory.

II.

A child was playing on a mountain, and disregarding a battle that was waging on the plain. Behind him was the little cobbled hut of his fled parents. It was now occupied by a pearl-colored cow, that stared out from the darkness, thoughtful and tender-eyed. The child ran to and fro, fumbling with sticks, and making great machinations with pebbles. By a striking exercise of artistic license the sticks were ponies, cows, and dogs, and the pebbles were sheep. He was managing large agricultural and herding affairs. He was too intent on them to pay much heed to the fight four miles away, which at that distance resembled in sound the beating of surf upon rocks. However, there were occasions when some louder outbreak of that thunder stirred him from his serious occupation, and he turned then a questioning eye upon the battle, a small stick poised in his hand, interrupted in the act of sending his dog after his sheep. His tranquillity in regard to the death on the plain was as invincible as that of the mountain on which he stood.

It was evident that fear had swept the parents away from their home in a manner that could make them forget this child—the first-born. Nevertheless, the hut was cleaned bare. The cow had committed no impropriety in billeting herself at the domicile of her masters. This smoke-colored and odorous interior contained nothing as large as a humming-bird. Terror had operated on these runaway people in its sinister fashion, elevating details to enormous heights, causing a man to remember a button while he forgot a coat, overpowering every one with recollections of a broken coffee-cup, deluging them with fears for the safety of an old pipe, and causing them to forget their first-born. Meanwhile the child played soberly with his trinkets.

He was solitary; engrossed in his own pursuits, it was seldom that he lifted his head to inquire of the world why it made so much noise. The stick in his hand was much larger to him than was an army corps of the distance. It was too childish for the mind of the child. He was dealing with sticks.

The battle lines writhed at times in the agony of a sea-creature on the sands. These tentacles flung and waved in a supreme excitement of pain, and the struggles of the great outlined body brought it near and nearer to the child. Once he looked at the plain and saw some men running wildly across a field. He had seen people chasing obdurate beasts in such fashion, and it struck him immediately that it was a manly thing which he would incorporate in his game. Consequently he raced furiously at his stone sheep, flourishing a cudgel, crying the shepherd calls. He paused frequently to get a cue of manner from the soldiers fighting on the plain. He reproduced to a degree any movements which he accounted rational to his theory of sheep-herding, the business of men, the traditional and exalted living of his father.

III.

It was as if Peza was a corpse walking on the bottom of the sea, and finding there fields of grain, groves, weeds, the faces of men, voices. War, a strange employment of the race, presented to him a scene crowded with familiar objects which wore the livery of their commonness placidly, undauntedly. He was smitten with keen astonishment; a spread of green grass lit with the flames of poppies was too old for the company of this new ogre. If he had been devoting the full lens of his mind to this phase, he would have known he was amazed that the trees, the flowers, the grass, all tender and peaceful nature, had not taken to heels at once upon the outbreak of battle. He venerated the immovable poppies.

The road seemed to lead into the apex of an angle formed by the two defensive lines of the Greeks. There was a straggle of wounded men and of gunless and jaded men. These latter did not seem to be frightened. They remained very cool, walking with unhurried steps and busy in gossip. Peza tried to define them. Perhaps during the fight they had reached the limit of their mental storage, their capacity for excitement, for tragedy, and had then simply come away. Peza remembered his visit to a certain place of pictures, where he had found himself amid heavenly skies and diabolic midnights, the sunshine beating red upon desert sands, nude bodies flung to the shore in the green moonglow, ghastly and starving men clawing at a wall in darkness, a girl at her bath with screened rays falling upon her pearly shoulders, a dance, a funeral, a review, an execution—all the strength of Argus-eyed art; and he had whirled and whirled amid this universe with cries of woe and joy, sin and beauty, piercing his ears, until he had been obliged to simply come away. He remembered that as he had emerged he had lit a cigarette with unction, and advanced promptly to a café. A great hollow quiet seemed to be upon the earth.

This was a different case, but in his thoughts he conceded the same causes to many of these gunless wanderers. They too may have dreamed at lightning speed, until the capacity for it was overwhelmed. As he watched them he again saw himself walking toward the café, puffing upon his cigarette. As if to re-enforce his theory, a soldier stopped him with an eager but polite inquiry for a match. He watched the man light his little roll of tobacco and paper and begin to smoke ravenously.

Peza no longer was torn with sorrow at the sight of wounded men. Evidently he found that pity had a numerical limit, and when this was passed the emotion became another thing. Now as he viewed them he merely felt himself very lucky, and besecched the continuance of his superior fortune. At the passing of these slouched and stained figures he now heard a reiteration of warning. A part of himself was appealing through the medium of these grim shapes. It was plucking at his sleeve and pointing, telling him to beware, and so it had come to pass that he cared for the implacable misery of these soldiers only as he would have cared for the harms of broken dolls. His whole vision was focussed upon his own chance.

The Lieutenant suddenly halted. "Look," he said. "I find that my duty is in another direction. I must go another way. But if you wish to fight, you have only to go forward, and any officer of the fighting line will give you opportunity."

He raised his cap ceremoniously; Peza raised his new white helmet. The stranger to battles uttered thanks to his chaperon, the one who had presented him. They bowed punctiliously, staring at each other with civil eyes.

The Lieutenant moved quietly away through a field. In an instant it flashed upon Peza's mind that this desertion was perfidious. He had been subjected to a criminal discourtesy. The officer had fetched him into the middle of the thing, and then left him to wander helplessly toward death. At one time he was upon the point of shouting at the officer.

In the vale there was an effect as if one was then beneath the battle. It was going on above somewhere. Alone, unguided, Peza felt like a man groping in a cellar. He reflected, too, that one should always see the beginning of a fight. It was too difficult to thus approach it when the affair was in full swing. The trees hid all movements of troops from him, and he thought he might be walking out to the very spot which chance had provided for the reception of a fool. He asked eager questions of passing soldiers. Some paid no heed to him; others shook their heads mournfully. They knew nothing, save that war was hard work. If they talked at all, it was in testimony of having fought well, savagely. They did not know if the army was going to advance, hold its ground, or retreat; they were weary.

A long pointed shell flashed through the air, and struck near the base of a tree with a fierce upheaval compounded of earth and flames. Looking back, Peza could see the shattered tree quivering from head to foot. It's whole being underwent a convulsive tremor which was an exhibition of pain, and, furthermore, deep amazement. As he advanced through the vale the shells continued to hiss and hurtle in long low flights, and the bullets purred in the air. The missiles were flying into the breast of an astounded nature. The landscape—bewildered, agonized—was suffering a rain of infamous shots, and Peza imagined a million eyes gazing at him with the gaze of startled antelopes.

There was a resolute crashing of musketry from the tall hill on the left, and from directly in front there was a mingled din of artillery and musketry firing. Peza felt that his pride was playing a great trick in forcing him forward in this manner under conditions of strangeness, isolation, and ignorance. But he recalled the manner of the Lieutenant, the smile on the hill-top among the flying peasants. Peza blushed and pulled the peak of his helmet down on his forehead. He strode onward firmly. Nevertheless, he hated the Lieutenant, and he resolved that on some future occasion he would take much trouble to arrange a stinging social revenge upon that grinning jackanapes. It did not occur to him until later that he was now going to battle mainly because at a previous time a certain man had smiled.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE EMBELLISHMENT OF CITIES.

AT a recent meeting of the National Sculpture Society there was shown on the screen a number of views of Vienna and Buda-Pesth, while Mr. F. W. Ruckstuhl explained the buildings and their decoration. A point made by the speaker was the recent origin of most of the striking buildings and monuments of the capitals of Austria and Hungary, proving that we cannot take refuge behind the newness of our country for the lack of beauty in our civic buildings, the absence of plan in the adornment of our cities, the neglect of sculpture as decorations for public and private edifices. Vienna and Buda-Pesth have made themselves attractive since our civil war.

Another point is still less flattering to our national and civic pride—in these two cities, many of, if not all, the monuments, fine public structures, parks, and systems of transportation are the result of intelligent support on the part of the people, not the work of the upper or privileged classes or of the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. These beautiful or convenient novelties on the Danube were built with the people's money, with the permission, if not at the instigation, of the people themselves.

The natural moral is that our towns and cities might lay out their streets, avenues, parks, and sites for future buildings far ahead of the moment when they are used, and pass laws forbidding the erection of buildings that violate certain obvious rules made for the preservation of the city's good looks and the health and enjoyment of the town population. But under our system of government, complicated by the two factors of coarse—conscienceless politicians and immigrants who sell their votes—we have learned how useless it is to look to our municipal officers or to expect them to possess an understanding of the financial as well as the æsthetic value of beauty in a city.

But we can do something by way of citizen initiative, and to this end there exist in various cities organizations like the Municipal Art Society of New York and the Fairmount Park Association of Philadelphia. The Reform Club, which is a society that has a large non-resident membership, did something recently to rouse the members of the Municipal Art Society to greater activity; but the dinner and speeches on that occasion will be eaten and spoken in vain if the public does not enlist in the cause.

As it now works, the Municipal Art Society of New York puts together every year a few thousand dollars and expends almost the entire sum on a mural painting, like the Simmons pictures in the Criminal Court building, or a piece of sculpture with architectural surroundings, like the memorial to the late Richard M. Hunt. Its organization, however, does not permit of keeping the sentiment of local patriotism alive, or making propaganda for municipal art. Its very name, as an artist has very justly pointed out, is unfortunate, in that it does not express definitely that its object is the embellishment of the city. Municipal art is, indeed, a vague term by no means calculated to attract the public. That name and the absence of an effective organization have kept the Municipal Art Society confined to a very narrow horizon of the populace.

With an endowment which would permit the accumulation of interest and furnish the money so that proper steps might be taken to widen greatly its membership, a society for the embellishment of a city might do great things. The alternative is a smaller society which collects a round sum, say one hundred dollars per annum from each of its members; but in no case is it likely that an American town government will be found, not even in populistic and socialistic States, to spend money for the decoration of an American city on the scale which has been employed in Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, and Paris. It would therefore seem the office of the public press in our several great cities to take up this subject as a very pressing public work and employ the unrivalled organization of its leading papers in collecting funds for the embellishment of cities. We have seen in the past what the press has done for charities, such as hospital, fresh-air, and ice funds. Why should we not call on the press to place the local society for the embellishment of the city where papers are printed in such a financial position that it can attend to its duties with effectiveness?

Most of the great cities of the land are already provided with museums and art schools; many have independent societies of artists who pursue their studies and strive to educate the public about them. Has not the time come for the enlightened public, acting through its natural mouthpiece, the press, to take each local organization for the embellishment of cities under the arms and lift it clear of financial embarrassment? A more far-sighted, more public-spirited action on the part of the press it were difficult to find.

CHARLES DE KAY.

OUR FLEET IN THE ATLANTIC.

In the official list of the ships composing the navy of the United States the vessels are rated according to their displacement tonnage—displacement tonnage being the weight in tons of the amount of water displaced by the vessel's hull as she floats upright, with all her armament, stores, and equipment on board; in other words, it is the weight of the ship. The classification of the fleet is as follows:

Ships of the first rate, 5000 tons and over—11, eight of which are armored.

Ships of the second rate, between 3000 tons and 5000 tons—16, five of which are armored.

Ships of the third rate, between 1000 tons and 3000 tons—42, fourteen of which are armored.

Ships of the fourth rate, between 500 tons and 1000 tons—7, all of which are unarmored.

This makes the total number of ships of the United States navy all told equal to 76 vessels, 27 of which, including 13 old Monitors, are armored. Not all of these 76 ships are ready for sea at this instant, nor can they all be mobilized—that is, passed from a condition of peace into a condition of war—without a considerable time being spent in repairing them. Nevertheless, they are good ships, not obsolete, and not unable to go into action when fitted out. The unserviceable ships in the navy number 9, the sailing-ships 6, and the receiving-ships—serving as rendezvous and enlistment vessels at our navy-yards—5. These 20—old ships, receiving-ships, and sailing-ships—are not included in the list of 76 ships; they could not be utilized as fighting-ships, whereas all the 76 could.

There are to-day in commission and ready to go immediately into commission 51 ships, officered, manned, ready for action, each one presumably in the very pink of perfection, for each one has been recently at some navy-yard to be tuned up. These 51 ships are divided among the different waters of the globe as follows: in Europe, 3; in Asia, 7; in the Pacific, 7; in the South Atlantic, 3; in the North Atlantic, 27, including 4 Monitors and excluding torpedo-boats. But since the three ships of the South Atlantic are now in the waters of the West Indies, they are in close touch with the North Atlantic squadron, and are under the orders of Admiral Sicard, the commander-in-chief of that squadron, so they form part of that squadron.

There is no gainsaying the fact that these 31 vessels now in the neighboring waters of Cuba constitute a thoroughly efficient fighting force, well officered, well armed, well disciplined. Three of them—the *Iowa*, *Indiana*, and *Massachusetts*—are first-class battle-ships, mounting 50 guns, all told, in their main batteries. Their place in action is in the line of battle, where the fighting is fiercest. They are to give hard knocks with their 12-inch, 13-inch, and 8-inch guns, and to receive them on their 15-inch and 17-inch nickel-steel armor belts and turrets. To a somewhat less extent are similar duties demanded of the smaller battle-ship *Texas*, of 8 guns.

To act in concert with these battle-ships, though with greater mobility, more after the manner of the heavy detachments of a land force, are the armored cruisers *New York* and *Brooklyn*, mounting together 38 guns. The largest calibre of these guns, 8-inch, should be more than a match for opposing armor of that thickness. Then comes that unique craft the ram *Katahdin*. What possibilities lie in the successful application of such a weapon are known to all, though as yet no ship designed solely to use it, unassisted by guns or torpedoes, has ever been put to the test. Undoubtedly the place of the ram is near the battle-ships, in the thickest of the fight, so that when close quarters come she can launch herself against the hull of her foe. Another type of armored ship belonging to the North Atlantic fleet is the Monitor, the old "cheese-box" of Ericsson. Alone among navies do we still adhere to this class of vessel. And not without reason, for to pass forts unscathed, though stormed at with shot and shell, the Monitor stands unequalled. There are four of this type in commission in the Atlantic ports. Very readily could these low floating platforms with two round turrets on them go to sea with the remainder of the squadron; but the *Puritan*, with her four 12-inch guns, and the *Amphitrite*, *Miantonomoh*, and *Terror*, each with four 10-inch guns, will be needed to safeguard the entrances from the sea to our great cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and others. Their duties will be arduous, and to assist them will be assigned probably the *Ajax*, *Canonicus*, *Mahopac*, *Manhattan*, *Wyandotte*, *Catskill*, *Jason*, *Lehigh*, *Montauk*, *Nahant*, *Nantucket*, and *Passaic*—twelve old-time single-turret Monitors, each mounting two smoothbore muzzle-loading 15-inch guns. Not much speed have these "old hookers," but they can be made to go about five knots, their turrets can be made to train and their guns to fire, and they can be put into service after a week's hard work. Then no unarmored ship dare engage them in battle; the safety of our ports will be assured, and the more active ships will be left free to carry the war into the enemy's country.

Of cruisers the North Atlantic fleet has a good lot, though not enough of them to wage a war against an extensive commerce, as well as to protect commerce and be with the fleet to act as scouts, lookouts, and do other flying-cavalry service. The *Minneapolis* and *Columbia*, mounting eleven guns each, with phenomenal speed, might be the hawks in search of quarry, assisted by the *Cincinnati*, of eleven guns, though to do good work these flyers should have two or three large armed merchant steamships along with them. For the heavy cruising in connection with the armored fleet about Key West, there are the *Detroit*, *Montgomery*, *Marblehead*, swift and sure, mounting ten guns each; the despatch-boat *Dolphin*, of two guns; and the *Wilmington*, *Nashville*, *Machias*, and *Castine*, of eight guns each. To do the lighter work of the squadron there are the *Annapolis*, *Vicksburg*, and *Newport*, of six guns each. For despatch-work perhaps the *Vesuvius* might suit Admiral Sicard; she is a very fast little ship. There are some other naval vessels in the North Atlantic to-day: the *Fern*—what excellent work such craft can do has been recently made apparent—is one; and the *Adams*, *Alliance*, *Essex*, and *Enterprise*, good, wooden sloops of war, each mounting six guns, are others. These can be made use of.

Not yet, however, are all the fighting means of the Atlantic fleet exhausted, for there are the torpedo-boats *Cushing*, *Ericsson*, *Foote*, *Rogers*, *Winslow*, *Porter*, *Du Pont*, *Gwin*, and *Talbot*—names to conjure with, and to inspire deeds of greatest daring.

Summarizing, we find in figures that Admiral Sicard has directly under his command to-day, or dependent upon it, the following fleet:

Armored ships	7
Cruisers	20
Torpedo-boats	9
Total	36
Monitors—new	4
" old	12
Total coast defence	16
Total, North Atlantic	52
And if we add to this number the ships in other squadrons	18
The grand total, United States fleet, which can be immediately mobilized, will number	70

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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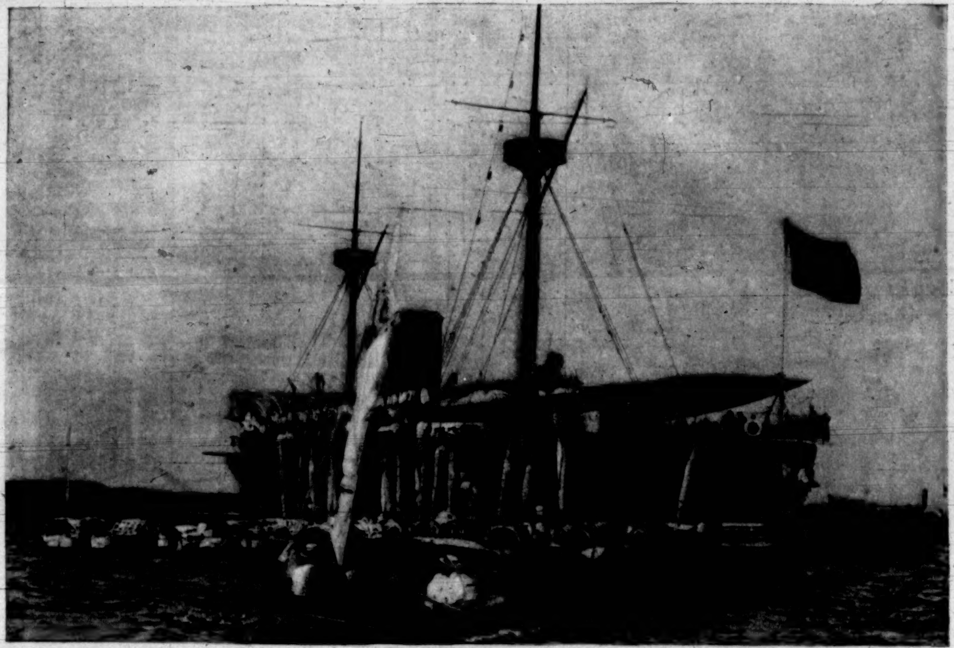
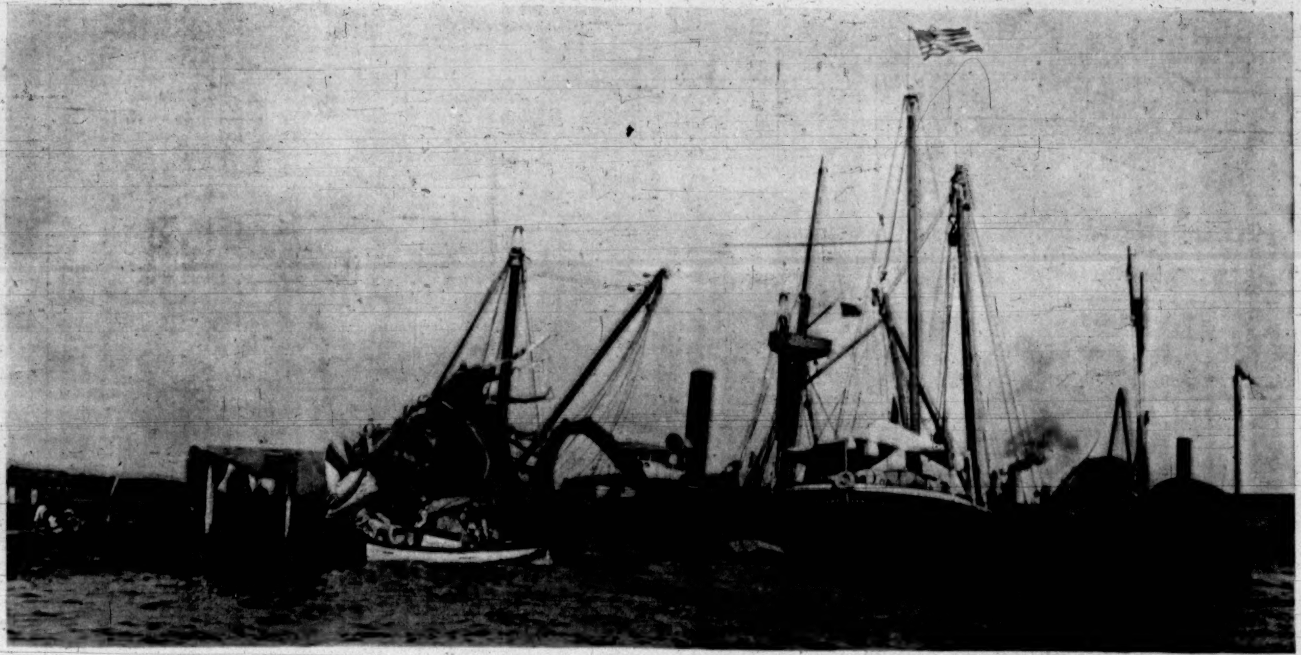
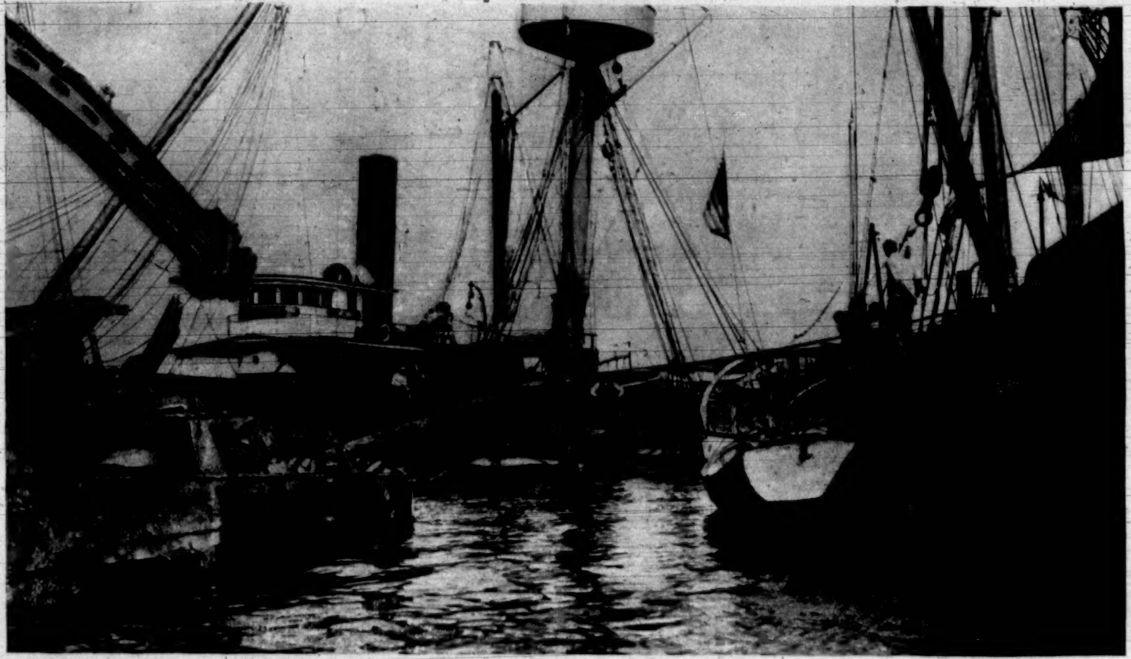


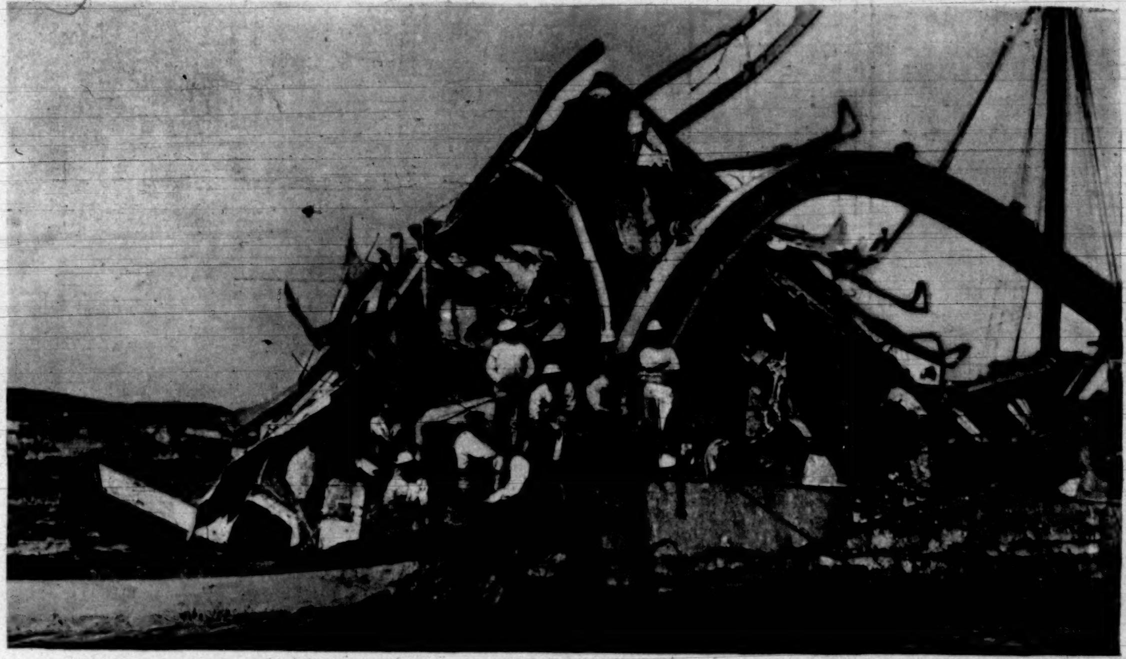
PLEASURE-BOATS SWARMING AROUND THE "VIZCAYA" ON HER ARRIVAL IN HAVANA BAY.



BROADSIDE VIEW OF WRECK, SHOWING THE "MAINE'S" SMOKE-STACKS ON A LIGHTER READY FOR SHIPMENT.



MIDSHIP PORTION OF THE WRECK.



THE BLUEJACKET DIVERS, IN CHARGE OF GUNNER MORGAN, JUST AFTER A DAY'S WORK.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—WRECKING OPERATIONS ON THE HULK OF THE BATTLE-SHIP.—[See Page 270.]

THE GREATER BOSTON SPEEDWAY.

NEW YORK narrowly escaped an irreparable mutilation of Central Park by the intrusion of a road for speeding horses in the midst of the best scenery of that noble pleasure-ground. The calamity was only averted by the assignment of the Manhattan bank of the Harlem River for that purpose. Then, most unfortunately, the opportunity for a beautiful water-side pleasureway was partially lost by wilful neglect of the landscape opportunities of the site and the refusal to consult expert advice until the work had been taken in hand and the scenery of the shore damaged beyond remedy.

A similar misfortune for the Boston park system has been made impossible by the wise action of the Metropolitan Park Commission in including in its scheme of park improvement for Greater Boston remarkably complete provisions for speeding purposes. An important feature of this metropolitan scheme is the reclamation of the scenery of the Charles River by converting its waters and shores into a continuous chain of pleasure-grounds. The banks of the stream at one point offered an ideal site for a speedway. A plan for the work was prepared by the landscape architects, Messrs. F. L. and J. C. Olmsted, and its execution is now in hand. The scheme is admirably complete in meeting all the requirements of the case, with provisions for public enjoyment of the spectacle as well as for the convenience and safety of the participators.

The plan comprises two speedways, in fact—one for horses and the other for bicycles. The location is central, being in the Brighton district of Boston, just across the river from Cambridge, and easily accessible by parkways or other good roads from all parts of Greater Boston. The famous Longfellow Meadow, celebrated in the poet's verse, and the chief feature in the landscape from the historic Longfellow homestead, is traversed by the speedway and its approaches. Being but a short walk from Harvard, it will be a favorite resort for the university students, with whom the bicycle-track will be especially popular. The speedway, indeed, is a great extension of an already important athletic centre. The Harvard athletic ground, Soldiers' Field, presented to the university by Mr. Henry L. Higginson, adjoins it, as does the North Brighton Play-Ground, and the Harvard boat-house is across the river, close to the Boylston Street bridge. From the North Brighton Play-Ground a subway passing beneath the speedway connects with a great ball-field on the bank of the river.

The speedway is approached and bordered by a parkway drive. This road, where it parallels the speedway, is sixty feet wide, to allow space for the return of the speeders from the finish to the start, speeding being permissible only in one direction. A row of trees in a ribbon of turf separates the drive from the speedway, which is fifty feet wide. Instead of being crowned, the speedway slopes slightly from one side to the other, counteracting the effect of the long, easy curve. The course is a mile from start to finish. At the end of the mile is a concourse, and the speedway track continues in a long "run over," so as to slow the horses before turning into the driveway.

Next the horse-speedway is a double bicycle-track. The two tracks, each twenty feet wide, are separated by a hedge occupying a space five feet wide. Like the horse-speedway, these tracks are also sloped slightly from the outer side of the curve to the inner. This gives a mile on a long, easy curve, practically a "straightaway." At the end of the mile, however, the bicycles, instead of swinging into the return drive, like the horses, keep on, the track making a gradual loop and returning upon itself. This gives a continuous course of two and a quarter miles, with "corners" at the loop similar to those of a one-third-mile track. To avoid interference with those on the track the start is placed on a siding, and subways give access to the space within the track. A lavatory is located within convenient access of the start, and will be appreciated by users of the track.

The edge of the river is followed by a broad promenade. Rows of trees separate the bicycle-track from the horse-speedway and from the adjacent walk. All these ways, with the exception of a portion of the boundary road that will be faced by houses, have a grade just above the marsh-level, and are protected from high tides in the river by a temporary dike along the line of the promenade. With the enactment of expected national and State legislation, a dam lower down stream will keep out the salt water, and enhance the beauty of the river by maintaining an even level of fresh water. Neither the horse-speedway nor the bicycle-course will take the place of the ordinary racing-track, since all parts of the course will not be visible from any one point. But a free and public place for these popular sports will be an important feature in the scheme of out-door recreation furnished by the extensive and varied pleasure-grounds of the New England metropolis.

AMATEUR · SPORT

During Mr. WHITNEY'S *absence on a sporting tour around the world, in the interest of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *this department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

A HARVARD MAN AT OXFORD.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

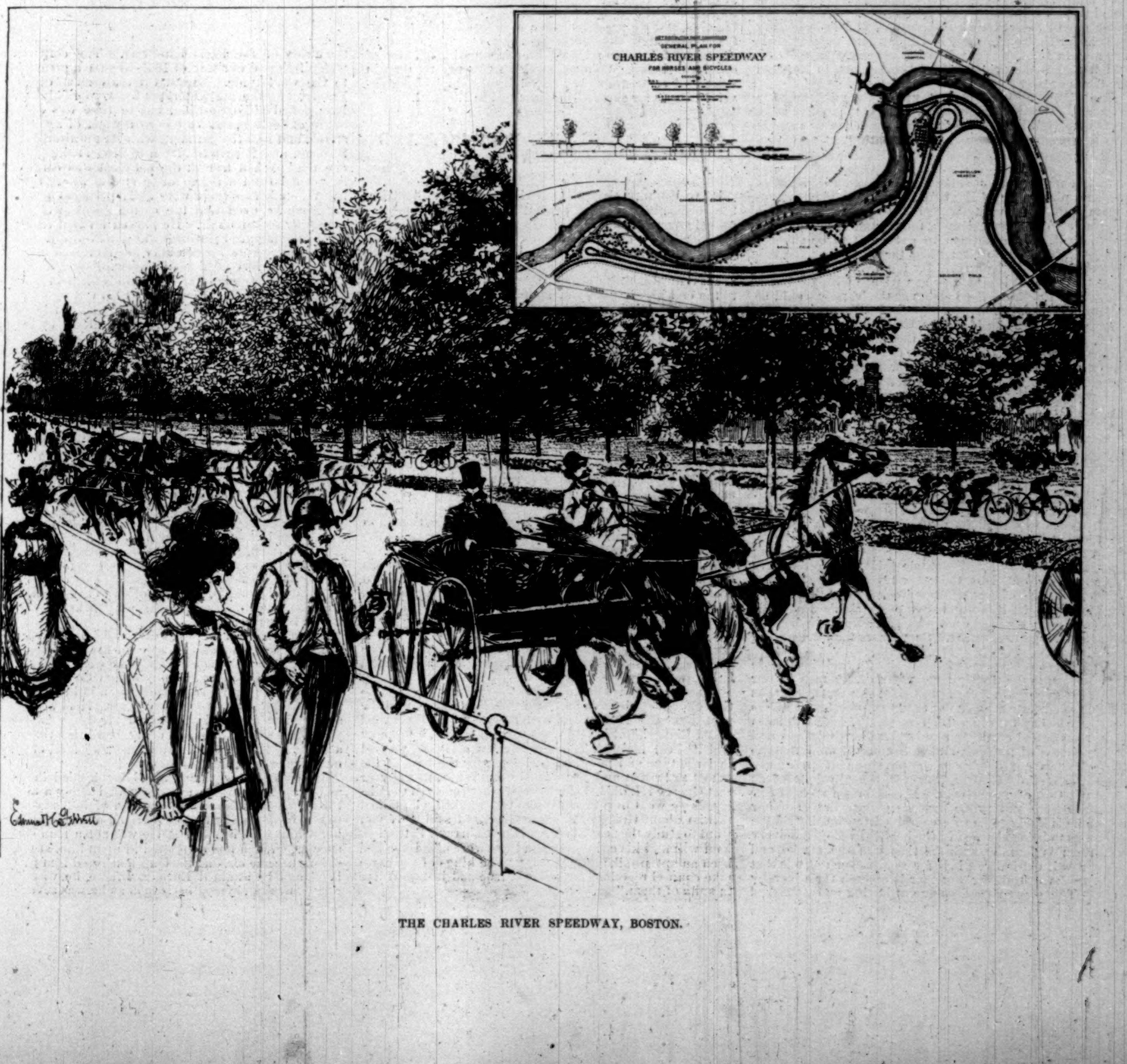
III.—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BOATING.

THE relationship of the autumn tubbing I have described, and its incidental sociability, to the welfare of the sport in the college and the university seems remote enough to an American mind; for out of the score of fellows who are tubbed only three or four, on an average, go into the college torpid. Yet it is typical of the whole; and it will help us in following the English boating season through the three terms of the college year. These are the autumn term, with the college tubbing and fours, which I have described, and with, besides, the 'varsity trials; the winter term, with the college torpids and the inter-'varsity eights; and the summer term, with the college bumping races. Throughout the year there are two converging currents of activity in boating. On the one hand, the tubs in the autumn term develop men for the torpids, which come on during the winter term; and the torpids develop men for the summer eights. On the other hand, the 'varsity trials in the autumn term develop men for the 'varsity eight which trains in the winter term; and the 'varsity oarsmen end the season in the eights of their respective colleges.

I.

The torpid is, so to speak, the understudy to the college eight. In order to give full swing to the new men, no member of the eight of the year before is allowed to row in it, and the leading colleges man two boats—sometimes even three. The training here is much more serious than that given to the tubs; wine and tobacco are out of order. The races, which are conducted like the celebrated May Eights, are rowed in midwinter—in the second of the three Oxford terms—under leaden skies, and often with snow piled up along the towing-paths. On the barges, instead of the crowds of ladies, gayly dressed and bent on a week of social enjoyment, one finds knots of loyal partisans who are keen on the afternoon's sport. The towing-path, too, is not so crowded as in May Week; but nothing could surpass the din of pistols and rattles and shouting that accompanies the races. It is not for the lack of coaching and experience if the men in the torpid do not learn how to row the stroke to the finish under the excitement of a race. When the torpids break training there are many ceremonies to signalize the return to the flesh-pots: one hardly realizes that the weeks of sport and comradeship have all gone to the filling of a place or two in the college eight.

All this time, while the tubs and torpids have been training up men for the college eight, the 'Varsity Boat Club, whose home is on the shore of the Isis opposite the row of college barges, has also, so to speak, been doing its tubbing; and though one seldom stops to realize it, both sets of tubsters (Oxford is guiltless of this word)—those of the 'varsity eight and those of the colleges—are in the end equally related to the college eights of May Week. The new men for the 'varsity are chiefly those who have come to the front in the May Eights of the previous year—oars of two or three years' standing, though occasionally men are taken directly from the Eton eight, which enters yearly for the Ladies' Plate at Henley. These will number nine or ten; and early in the autumn they are taken out in tubs. They are soon joined by as many of last year's blues as are left in Oxford. The lot is divided into two eights, as evenly



THE CHARLES RIVER SPEEDWAY, BOSTON.

matched as possible, which are coached separately. These are called the Trial Eights, or 'Varsity Trials. To "get one's trials" is no mean honor. It is the *sine qua non* of membership to the Leander—admittedly the foremost boating club of the world. Toward the end of the first term there is a race of two and a half miles between the two trial eights at Moulsford, where the Thames is wide enough to permit the two boats to race abreast. Of the men who row in the trials the best ten or a dozen are selected to train for the 'varsity during the winter term.

Of the training of the 'varsity eight it is not necessary to speak here at length. The signal fact is that the men are so well schooled in the stroke, and so accustomed to racing, that a season of eight weeks, at Oxford and at Putney, is enough to fit them to go over the four miles and a quarter between Putney and Mortlake with the best possible results. The race takes place in March, after the close of the winter term.

The races I have mentioned give some idea of the scheme and scope of English boating, but is by no means exhaustive. The strength of the boating spirit gives rise to no end of casual and incidental races. Chief among these are the coxswainless fours, which take place about the middle of the autumn term, while the trials are on the river. The crews are from the four or five chief boating colleges, and are made up largely from the men in the trial eights. The races have no relation that I could discover to the 'varsity race; the only point is to find which college has the best four. It is characteristic that merely for the sport of it the training of the 'varsity trials should, in a measure, be interrupted.

After the 'varsity race the members of the crew rest during what remains of the Easter vacation, and then take their places in the boats of their respective colleges. Here they are joined by the rest of the trials men, the remaining members of last year's college eight, and the two or three men who have come up from the torpids. Now begins the liveliest season on the river. Every afternoon the river is clogged with eights rowing to Iffley or to Sandford, and the towing-path swarms with enthusiasts. The course in the May bumping races is a mile and a quarter long—the same as the course of the torpids—and the crews race over it every day for a week, except Sunday. These races, from the point of view of the expert oarsman, are far less important than the 'varsity race; yet, socially, they are far more prominent, and the enthusiasm they arouse among the undergraduates is incomparable. The entire boating system, with its tubs, torpids, and the 'varsity crew itself, is so arranged as to reach its climax each year in the college bumping races.

II.

The difference between American and English boating is primarily a matter of numbers. With us, in a university of from two to four thousand men there are normally four class crews and a 'varsity crew, though, in addition to this, a few "scratch" crews are manned yearly. In the English universities each of the score of colleges, numbering on an average something like one hundred and fifty men apiece, mans innumerable fours, at least one eight-oared torpid, and finally the college eight. A simple calculation will show that with us one man in fifty to seventy goes in for the sport, while in England the proportion is one man in five to seven. This is a conservative estimate, and it makes the proportion of boating-men in England ten times greater.

The difference in spirit is as great as the difference in numbers. Where so many men take part the motive must be as much the love of the sport as the desire to excel at it. In America the sole purpose of boating, which is proclaimed again and again, is to beat the rival eight; and the arguments used to call out candidates is that they owe it to the university to make every possible sacrifice of personal pleasure. In England such an argument is undreamed of. If boating were not a sport, and as such enjoyable to the normal man, no argument could force men into it. To ask them to come out to be tubbed, moreover, in order to strengthen the 'varsity or the college eights, would be a trifle far-fetched. The result of these two systems is curiously at variance with the intention. The English college eights or the 'varsity would be as poor a thing without the support of the college barges as the university itself would be without Winchester, Eton, Rugby, and the rest of the public schools. At Yale and Harvard not only are the 'varsity crews apparently inferior to the English crews, but the class crews are comparative failures in producing 'varsity material. In a word, boating in England is a strong native growth; with us it is an exotic, kept alive by the hot-house stimulants of inter-university rivalry.

A striking example of the inadequacy of our system is to be seen in the lack of an established style. Every institution has a different stroke, which is usually the invention and personal property of one man. The result is that endless energy is spent in discussing styles and experimenting with them. When Yale was winning, the Cook stroke was thought perfection, but no sooner did Yale lose at Henley than its author began a series of experiments at adapting English ideas. In the following year Yale and the English-coached Harvard crew were beaten by Cornell. Now the Courtney stroke is supreme. What the merits of the various styles may be I do not pretend to know, yet it is safe to say that a single good style well adhered to will do more in spreading the boating spirit and in getting out excellent crews than decades of experiments.

A curious consequence of this lack of a traditional style is to be seen in the physical character of the men in our boats. Our coaches have found that, as a rule, it is less trouble to educate a green oar than to eradicate the habits of an oar brought up in a different stroke. Now to learn to row easily and correctly requires an incredibly long and severe course of training, and it has been found that no one who has not originally the physique of an ox can stand the strain. Clearly, however, the physique of an ox is not that of an oarsman. If one finds a man of fine muscular fibre and prime nervous energy in one of our crews he is likely to be so overtrained by the day of the season as to be dead-wood in the boat. In England every Freshman is familiar with the theory of the stroke, and many row it naturally. It is for reasons such as this that eight weeks of training together is enough for a 'varsity crew. The supreme advantage of having an established style is that in England the men are selected from the outset for their skill and nervous force, so that, though naturally heavier of mould than we as a race, their oarsmen are, as a rule, lighter and more agile.

III.

To the American who believes in boating as a sport the English barges have clearly a far-reaching lesson to teach. Yet it is obvious at the outset that it is impossible to adopt the English system *in toto*. The rigors of our winter make the sport impossible for the larger part of the college year, so that, instead of rowing in torpids, our boating-men are forced to the dire monotony of pulley-weights and to the galley-slavery of the tank. And our waterways, which at first sight seem so promising, are in many respects a drawback. They are so wide that it is impossible to follow a crew from the shore, either in practice or in a race. The coaches take passage in a launch, and the rest of us shiver on the banks, perhaps for hours, and in the end see at best the finish. In all probability English boating has gained more by the proximity of the towing-path than it has lost by the narrowness of the rivers.

The most serious drawback, however, is not in the conditions of boating, but in our social attitude toward it. Our boat-houses are so bleak and barren that there is little or no comfort in them, and sometimes—as not long since at Harvard—they have caused actual sickness. And then there is that curiously difficult aspect of our sports, the "society" influence pure and simple. Our successful oarsmen are rewarded for the martyrdom of sport by social advantages far greater than any an English university has to offer. Yet this is as untoward for the sport as the martyrdom they have suffered. Whereas in England the tendency is always for the 'varsity oar to cultivate the members of his college eight, for the eightsman to keep an eye on the torpid, and for both of these to tub Freshmen, and be hospitable to them, our social system tends constantly to lift successful oarsmen out of the world of the aspiring novice. The two are apt to be creatures of different spheres. Instead of stimulating the instinct for boating, our societies knock away its shores and spurs.

The only positive influence our societies exert is in inducing men to take up with boating for the sake of social advancement. In effect, the social spirit says, Give yourself over to the galley-slavery of boating in order that we may win, and we will elect you to the best societies. It makes one's gorge rise, and all the more because, when rightly managed, no better basis can be found for club affinities than a love of manly strife in the open.

What of the future? There is at least a gleam of hope. Among the class crews and the 'varsity there is a tendency to train more men and row more races—a result of Mr. Lehmann's excellent influence at Harvard. And among the laymen the attractions of boating are more and more strongly felt. Last year the Weld Boat Club at Harvard put forth a set of oarsmen who stood for nothing but the love of sport, and won a series of very notable victories over boat clubs in the neighborhood of Boston. And little by little our boat-houses are improving, and the banks of our waterways are made attractive to all interested in the work of the crews. The whole question is one of civilization, and we are advancing with rapid strides. One fact, however, is obvious: as a basis for boating spirit the rivalries of English colleges are far superior to those of our four classes. So long as this difference remains in the social structure of the university the limit of our development is far short of that attained in England.

SIR ISAAC HOLDEN, MILL-BOY AND MILLIONAIRE.

BY BISHOP JOHN F. HURST.

Isaac Holden, the mill-boy who became a millionaire, the mechanic, inventor, philanthropist, and statesman, passed away not long ago at the age of ninety. Spurgeon, his friend, once described him as "being good and doing good." In spite of a frail form, he maintained his health through the years of strenuous labor, toiled at his numerous inventions, built up a gigantic business, and preserved to the end his simplicity of manners and sympathy with the needy. His life is a romance of industry and generosity.

He was born in a collier's cottage in Scotland. George III. was King of England, Jefferson was President of the United States, and Bonaparte, who that year declared Great Britain blockaded, was the national bogie. His father was a Cumberland man, who had married a Scotch woman. The parents of both had become Wesleyans under John Wesley's personal guidance. The father, when quite young, worked in a lead-mine. His little home in Cumberland is still standing. He then removed to a Scotch village, and became head man in a coal-pit near the Clyde. Times were hard, wages low, and food at famine prices. The collier had often only two days' work in the week.

Isaac, when five years old, began his education in a little village school. Five years later, when work at the pit ceased, the family removed again. The parents devoted all their savings to send the boy to Kilbarchan Grammar-School. But the wages again failed, and food was so dear that Isaac had to go to work after he was ten years of age, and this time as draw-boy to two weavers. He went to school at night. The sight of machinery became his constant inspiration. He was always devising, even then, new plans for saving labor. After a while he became a full-fledged mill-boy, and worked fourteen hours a day.

When better days came he left the mill, and was sent to the school kept by a Mr. Fraser, who had known well the poet Burns. This schoolmaster was popularly called "Old Radical." Sir Isaac was fond of telling, later, how Old Radical had "A Man's a Man for a' That" printed in large type and mounted on boards for the boys of the school to look at and parse at sight. When, in the year that George III. died, 1820, Isaac's father removed to Paisley, Isaac went to say good-by to Old Radical, who talked to him about George IV.'s accession, and said, "If you want to study the new King, read Suetonius and Petronius. You will find his counterpart in their works." Isaac had been an apt pupil, and replied, "'The kings of the earth take counsel together,' but what is true and just must live in spite of them."

The boy of fifteen was placed with an uncle at Paisley, to learn shawl-weaving. Here his health broke down, so that he could do little or no manual labor. He then became assistant to John Kennedy, a scientific lecturer, with whom he studied Greek, Latin, French, and mathematics. Twice he offered himself for the Wesleyan ministry, and was accepted as a candidate, but his feeble health closed this path to him. When he was nineteen he became a mathematical tutor at Reading, and formed a mathematical institute, giving lectures in natural science and history. Young Holden's lectures at Reading were given to about one hundred young men, who clubbed together and furnished a little laboratory. In the course of his chemical experiments, in 1829, he originated the idea of the lucifer-match, though he never patented it nor derived any financial benefit from it. But we shall hear him tell his own story. Before a select committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the working of the Patent Laws, he said:

"In the morning I used to get up at four o'clock in order to pursue my studies, and I used at that time the flint and steel, in the use of which I found very great inconvenience. I gave lectures in chemistry at the time at a very large academy. Of course I knew, as other chemists did, the explosive material that was necessary in order to produce instantaneous light; but it was very difficult to obtain a light on wood by that explosive material, and the idea occurred to me to put under the explosive mixture sulphur. I did that, and published it in my next lecture, and showed it. There was a young man in the room whose father was a chemist in London, and he immediately wrote to his father about it, and shortly afterwards lucifer-matches were issued to the world. I believe that was the first occasion that we had the present lucifer-match."

Mr. Holden gave up teaching in 1830, and obtained a place as bookkeeper at Cullingworth, near Keighley, to Messrs. Townend Brothers, in which establishment he afterwards became manager. From the time when he was a mill-boy he had never lost sight of the need for an improvement in the process of wool-combing. He watched the hand-combers at work, and learned that many attempts had been made to treat the fibre by machinery, but that the fibre itself was so delicate that every experiment had failed. He determined to try again. At last he succeeded in the production of the "square-motion wool-comber," with action to imitate that of the hands. In the same year Holden invented a device for genappe yarns.

He next entered into partnership with Mr. Lister, now Lord Masham, whom he bought out at the end of ten years by the payment of £85,000. He improved his patents, extended his business, and accumulated a vast fortune. His Bradford works alone combed 60,000,000 pounds of wool a year. Great factories have grown up in France at Rheims and Croix. At the latter place the population rose as the result of his enterprise from 1700 to over 10,000. The firm of Holden & Sons has become the largest industrial concern of the kind in the world. The French towns which owe their prosperity to him acknowledge with gratitude the two free meals each day provided for them during the Franco-German war of 1870.

Miss Emily Crawford tells us how Sir Isaac killed and buried the "flounced petticoat," which for long had been the pride of the Paris laundress. The cotton famine which followed our war of 1861–65 gave a great stimulus to the wool trade. Muslin dresses almost died out in France, but the particular petticoat, so richly flounced, long defied all opposition, but in time was doomed to entire extinction. It had been a work of art to bleach, starch, and iron the garment, with its multitudes of small flounces, and it cost from ten to fifteen shillings to "get one up." When ironed, the petticoat was carried home suspended from a pole, and in streets where there were many laundresses there were daily petticoat processions. Sir Isaac believed that the cotton garment could be replaced by light mohair. He plotted for that result. The day of the flounced petticoat was gone forever. The Holden factories grew apace under the increased demand for the new and very fashionable fabric.

Mr. Holden entered Parliament in 1865, and retired from public life in 1892. He attributed his vigorous old age to regularity and temperance in living. After 1892 he made it a rule to take ten hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. On one occasion, in 1893, he said: "I take for my breakfast at present one baked apple, one orange, twenty grapes, and a biscuit made from banana flour. My mid-day meal consists of about three ounces of beef or mutton, with now and again a half-cupful of soup. If I take a little fish, I take so much less of meat. For supper I practically repeat my breakfast menu. After the system has been built up, and the period of manhood has been reached, all starch foods should be banished from the human diet." Thus this hard-working man, who in early years had feeble health, could look back on a ninetieth birthday! He was habitually cheerful, and in his home life he was singularly happy.

The baronetcy, which the father won by his distinguished public services, now passes to his eldest son, Mr. Angus Holden, M.P., who was born in 1830.

Sir Isaac was for many years a local or lay preacher in the British Wesleyan Church. He was strongly opposed to liturgical worship, yet used often to say that if he were a minister he would prepare his prayers as carefully as he would his sermons.

As an employer he was exact and just, but very kind, generous, and sympathetic with all his work-people. Of his factories at Rheims and Croix he was proud to be able to say that of the English population there three-fourths were children whose fathers had been in his employment, most of them more than thirty years. His own valet had, at the time of his death, served Sir Isaac twenty-three years, and said that he had never, in all that time, noticed a shade of ill-humor on "the master's" face, or heard an impatient word cross his lips.

Thousands of workmen stood bareheaded in the lanes as his funeral cortége passed by, and many a tear fell as the remains of this eminent master of industry were laid to rest in the family tomb. A friend of Sir Isaac, one who knew him well, has said: "He was not a man spoiled by success. When honors poured in upon him, and high positions became his, and the Queen selected him for knighthood, and he attained European fame, he was the same gentle, modest, sympathetic man as he was seventy years ago."

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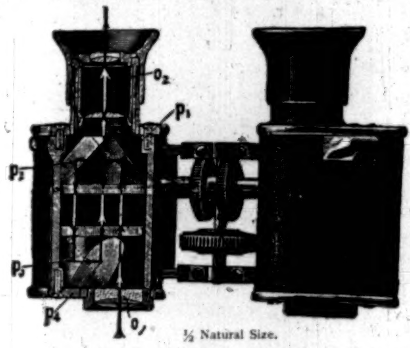

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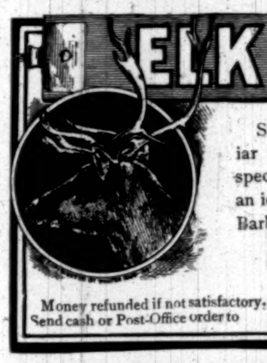

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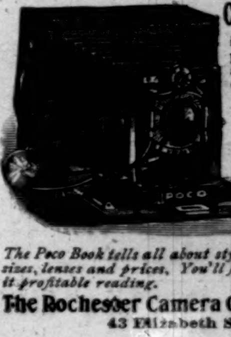

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